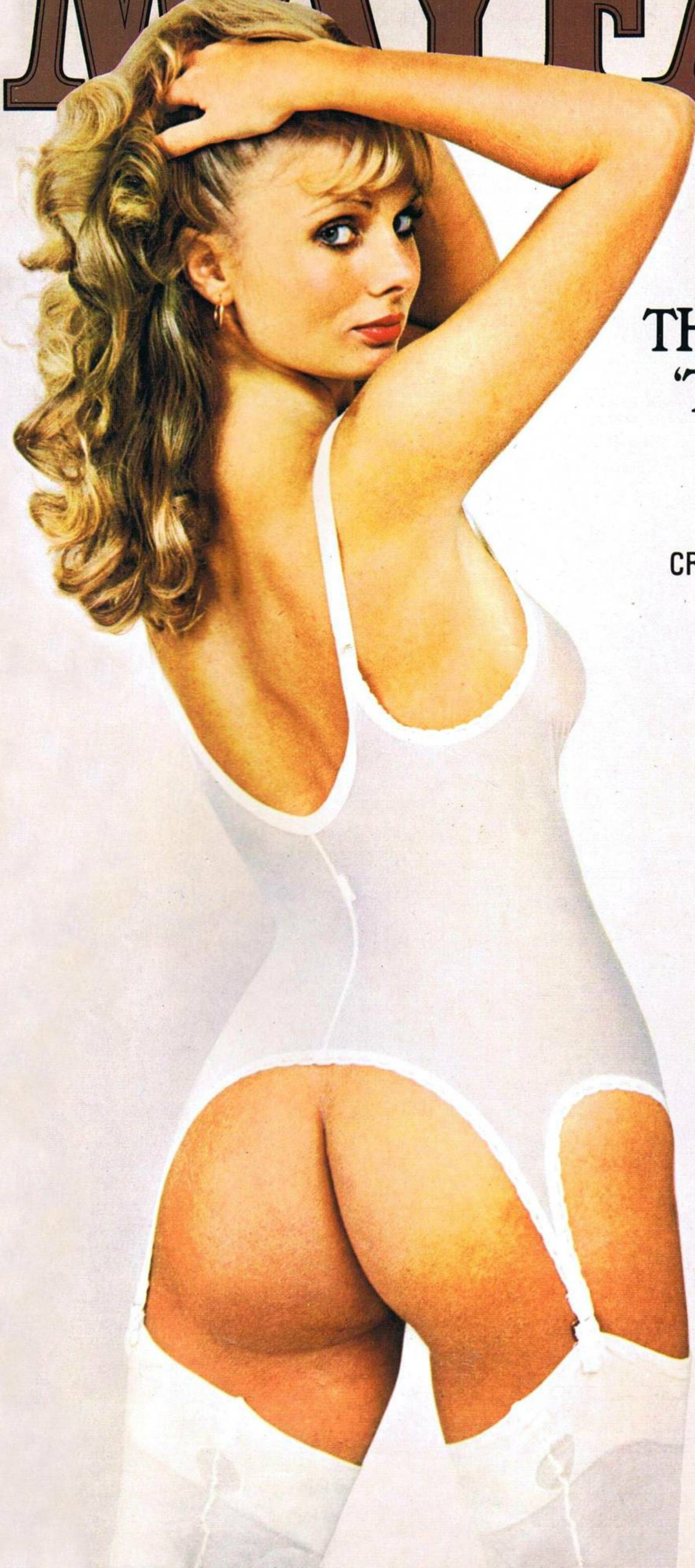
# MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

Vol. 13 No. 10 60p



## Too hot to handle: THE DANCER FROM 'TOP OF THE POPS'

OUT OF HER GENES:
OUR NUDEST GENETICIST

CRAZY WAYS TO KICK THE BUCKET

UNDRESSED:
THE DOLLY FROM DAN-AIR

THE DOGGER BANK BLUNDER:
THE NIGHT THE TSAR SANK
A BRITISH TRAWLER

TICKLED PINK: IT'S OUR
NUDEST PRACTICAL JOKER

QUEST: THE WOMAN ALONE

LARGEST U.K. MEN'S MAGAZINE CIRCULATION

CANADA/USA $1·95
AUSTRIA 50 SCH DENMARK 13·50 KR
FINLAND 8·80 FM FRANCE 15·00 NF
GERMANY 7·50 DM GREECE 150 DRH
HOLLAND 5·90 FL HONG KONG 10 HK$
ITALY 1800 L NORWAY 11·50 KR
SWEDEN 11·50 KR

# MAYFAIR

INCORPORATING King

Telephone number: 01-242 1593

95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

Vol. 13 No. 10

ABC net paid circulation 462,928

*Black beauty, page 60. Bubbling over, page 70.*

## CONTENTS

### SPECIAL FEATURES

| | | | page |
|---|---|---|---|
| **Dogger Bank Brinksmanship:** | Why the Tsar attacked the Hull trawler fleet | *Mark Seaman* | 52 |
| **Shuffling Off This Mirthful Coil:** | Bizarre ways to bow out | *William Bryson* | 108 |
| **Carrie:** | Carrie's country jaunt | *Steve Kingston* | 124 |

### GIRLS

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| **Dawn:** | A very pleasing practical joker | *Ed Alexander* | 28 |
| **Sue:** | The barest Miss Bradford finalist | *Roger Pearson* | 44 |
| **Camella:** | Top of the Pops' hottest item | *Roy Brewington* | 60 |
| **Annabelle:** | Join the queue for her clone | *Roy Brewington* | 84 |
| **Olive:** | She'll never angle for compliments | | 99 |
| **Cilla:** | Dan-Air's most daring stewardess | *Jim Bunker* | 116 |

### HUMOUR

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| **Slick Humour:** | A ribald look at Britain's oil rigs | *Peter Maddocks* | 35 |
| **Gentlemen, That Reminds Me:** | Our round-up of choice jokes | | 77 |

### INFORMERS

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| **Motoring:** | The bubble car boom | *William Boddy* | 70 |
| **Quest:** | Sex and the separated woman | | 91 |

### FICTION

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| **Stella:** | An adventure in self-seduction | *Jerry Jago Scott* | 24 |

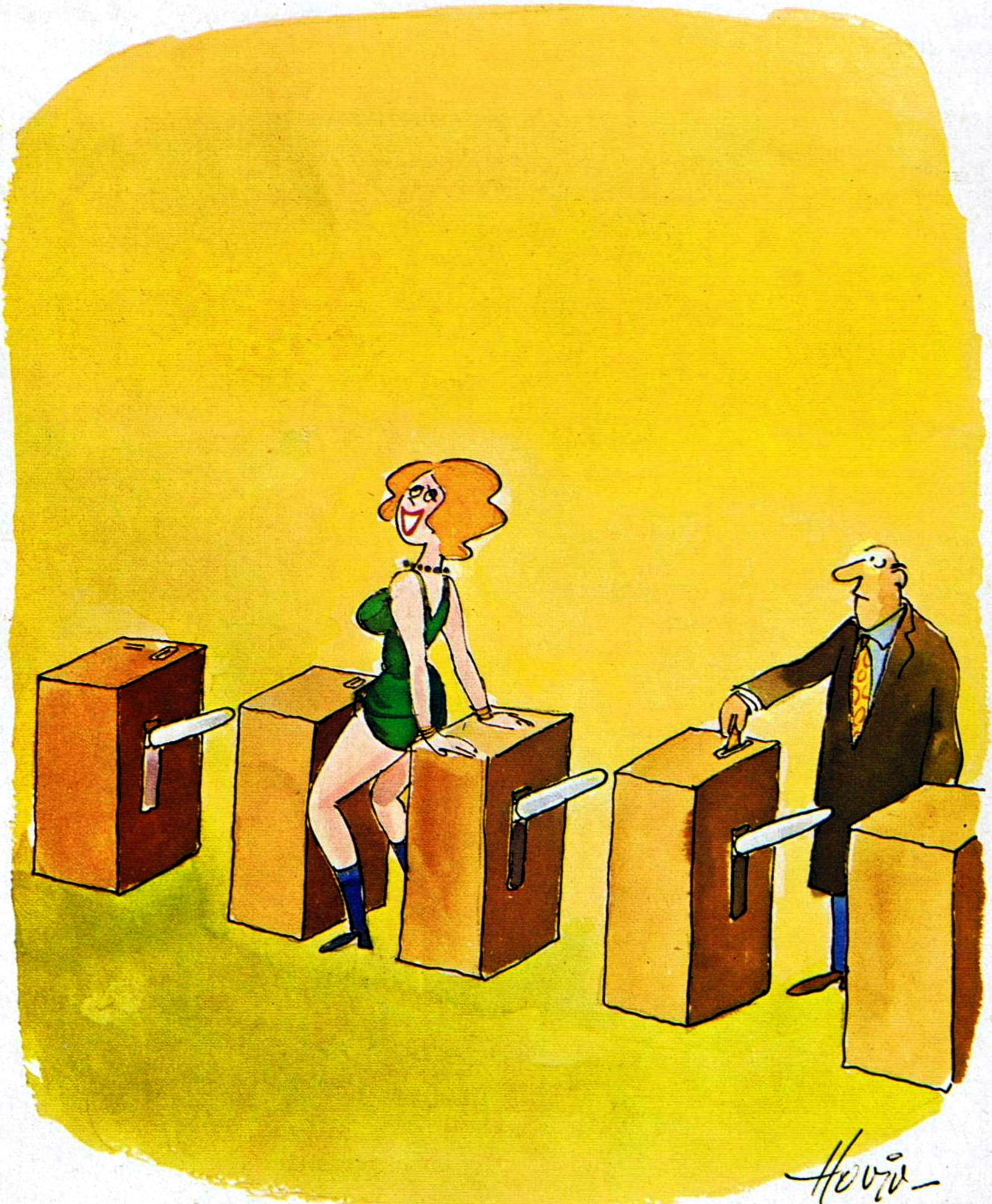
### READER SERVICES

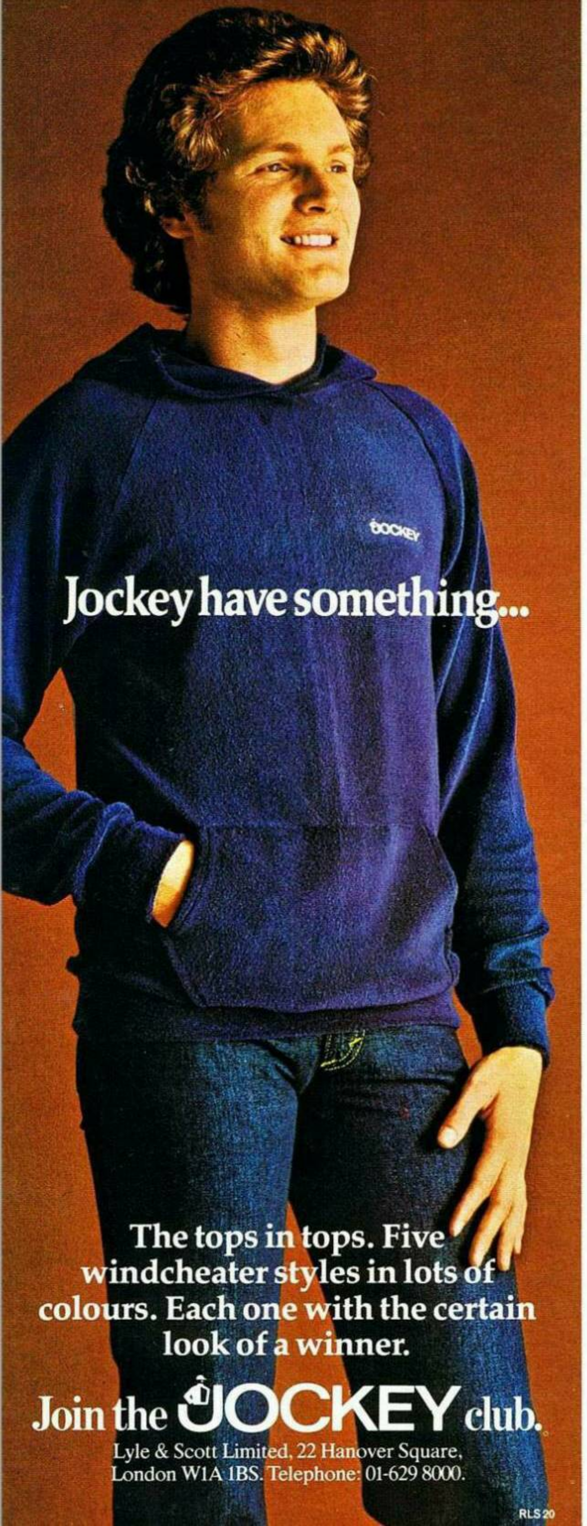
**Letters**/page 16 **Book Club**/page 39 **Back numbers**/page 42
**Quest back numbers**/page 92 **Calendar Offer**/page 81

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **CRITICS** | **Books, Discs, Clubs** | 38 |

Editor **Kenneth Bound** / Art Editor **Jim Bunker** / Features Editor **David Brenner** / Fiction Editor **Gerald Cole** / Production Editor **Peter Wilton** Motoring **William Boddy** / Books **Arthur Pottersman** / Films **Gerald Cole** / Discs **Peter Hopkin** / Clubs **Kenneth Dowd** / Wine **Charles Fforde**/Readers' Service **Pat Asquith**/Advertisement Director **Adrian Walker**/published monthly by Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2. Reg. London No. 875169. Reg. Office 95a Chancery Lane, WC2/Distributed by Seymour Press Ltd., 334 Brixton Road, London SW9/Origination by Moorgate Lithoplates Ltd./Printing and Binding by The Artisan Press Ltd., Anstey, Leicester, England / **Fiction:** all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead/**Contributions:** although every care will be taken of all materials submitted for publication Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., their servants or agents, accept no responsibility for loss, damage or destruction, however arising, while in their offices, in transit or elsewhere/

Copyright – Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., London, WC2.


Hovo


Jockey have something...
The tops in tops. Five windcheater styles in lots of colours. Each one with the certain look of a winner.
Join the JOCKEY club.
Lyle & Scott Limited, 22 Hanover Square, London W1A 1BS. Telephone: 01-629 8000.
RLS 20

# LETTERS

*You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of* Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

How much I have enjoyed Michael Bland's 'Slugging the Slogan' (Vol 13 No 3) and the wealth of graffiti reprinted in your Letters pages. Realising that your contest is, alas, closed, I would nevertheless offer the following to other connoisseurs of graffiti humour:

*Roget's Thesaurus Rules O.K.*
*Reigns Fair Enough*
*Governs All right*

You really should compile a book on graffiti.

*R S, Ashford, Kent*

The wit of the graffiti artist! Amid other, more ribald comments on the loo wall of a Chelsea pub was the following:

*You don't buy the beer here – you just rent it.*

Having tasted their lager – I daren't say which brand – I can well believe it.

*D C, London W5*

The graffiti letters still seem to be coming thick and fast thank goodness – they really have been most enjoyable. My favourite offering is:

*To be is to do – Karl Marx.*
*To do is to be – Jean-Paul Sartre.*
*Do be do be do – Frank Sinatra.*

*D G, Leatherhead, Surrey*

As a keen reader of *Mayfair* I really appreciate the tasteful way which your beautiful models are presented. A real turn-on for me is seeing a girl pictured in a mundane situation and then all of a sudden removing her clothes, showing more of her body in progressive photos. For example: the first picture could be of a girl at a bus stop in the rain; she could be clad in such attire as a red PVC mackintosh. In the next frame she could shed her rainwear in the hallway of her flat and then in subsequent pictures she could remove her scanty bra and knickers (for that is all she had on under the coat) with complete abandonment in the living room.

In this way when seeing a beautiful girl in a day-to-day situation, perhaps in a railway carriage or in a supermarket, one's imagination can run riot, giving unexpected moments of pleasure.

*R P Arnold, Deeside, Clwyd*

I divorced my wife last year after eight years of marriage. Her adultery was uncontested and she now lives with her new man, who is young enough to have been in short pants at the time I first met her.

I'm afraid that it was the old story of a guy working day and night to give his family a good life and being cut out by the energetic younger man who had plenty of time on his hands and nothing harder to do than sign for his dole money.

Since I've been alone I've been changing my attitude to women and finding that many are a lot different under the veneer of respectability that married women usually have. My wife, for instance, was a splendid home-maker and the mother of two young children. She spent hours trying to decide what sort of curtain material to buy and whether she should wear a hat to visit her mother – things like that, so it came as a real shocker when she turned up with her nineteen year old boyfriend, who had just about managed to grow a moustache, and told me that they were going to live together and that he'd been having it with her for most of the summer already. And there's not a thing one can do about it, sorry to say. I just had to watch the whole process of the law work majestically in their favour. The day they came to move out her share of the household goods – which I'd paid for over nearly nine years – she had quite a distinct weight increase around her middle and some months later when I had access to the children at their flat, my wife came to the door, with the most radiantly pregnant belly I'd seen.

The other guy lounged against the sideboard grinning behind his cigarette. I'd have gladly kicked his teeth in but it could have stopped me seeing the kids.

Since then I've lost my own moral values about it all and it's the respectable married woman I go for and often find that she's surprisingly easy meat.

On one occasion I was in a late night launderette and there were two or three women there at first, but later, while my wash was doing, only the woman who managed the place remained. She was well into her thirties but buxom with shapely breasts. With nothing much to lose I decided to be outspoken. She was bending over a low bench folding some washing that a woman had left and, although she wasn't showing much leg, I could see about three or four inches above the knee dimples behind her leg as she bent.

I simply said: 'I like your shoes, love,' which were fairly modern ankle strap types with a slim heel. She turned smiling, obviously flattered, and started a long narrative about where she'd got them and everything. I just listened then told her that they made a good pair of legs even better.

I didn't get any further that night because an elderly man came in with a wash, but after a few weeks I got a date.

I learned that she had three children and had been married twelve years – she was thirty-six and merely asked for discretion on my part. A very pleasant surprise.

Usually, love-making took place in my car. I used a French letter at her request as she'd had a weight problem and couldn't take the pill. When I bent over her and lifted her skirt I had extreme difficulty in holding back as she had the nicest thighs I'd been that close to and her bottom was a dream. The summer night was hot and she wore no stockings or tights, just a flowery dress and white sandals.

On went my sheath and in went my equipment. I went in far too easily: she was really ready for it. Knowing there was no chance of bringing her to orgasm myself in my pent-up state, I reached around her hips, slid my fingers down under her and went to work. Once her hips started thrusting to me I didn't hold on, but pumped her and enjoyed it. It took about a minute longer to bring her off then she lay over the seat back, taking deep breaths with her eyes closed. I met her for a few weeks but eventually she asked to break it off, which I reluctantly did.

*R D, Birmingham*

I have been a regular *Mayfair* reader for sometime and always enjoy your letters, although I often think some experiences of your readers are exaggerated. After what happened to me recently I am inclined to alter my opinion.

I went to a newly-opened disco in Bradford and after a moderately successful evening with various girls I met one, Mary (that's not her real name) who was married, but unhappy. After talking, dancing and drinking, at two in the morning I offered to take her home. To my surprise she accepted but suggested we go somewhere quiet. I am divorced and live with my mother so I drove up to the moors and spent the whole night talking and making love.

I ran her home at nine in the morning and dropped her off at the end of the close where she lived. Purely from practice I asked if I could see her again and was astonished when she said I should visit her at home on the Monday after her husband had gone to work and her children to school.

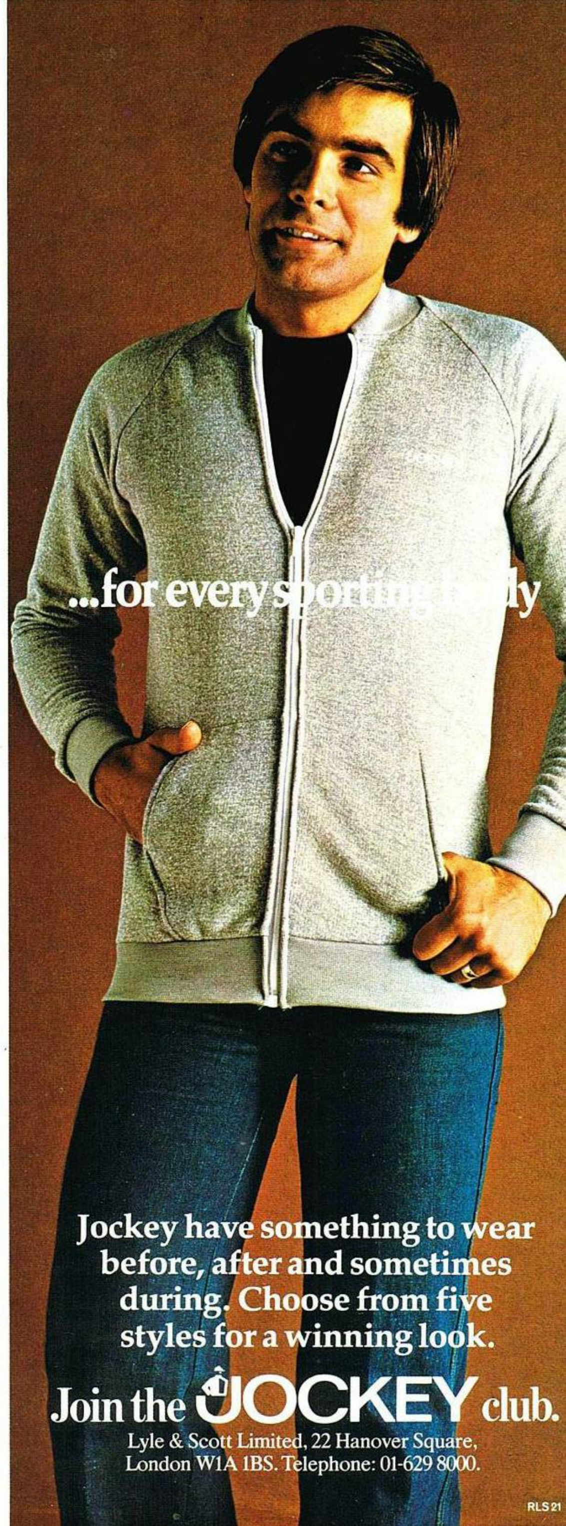
I arrived about ten and after a coffee she took me upstairs and we had the most amazing sexual experience I've had for a long time. We made love over and over again – she had an insatiable desire for sex. Ever since my encounter I have been undecided whether to contact her again: was I only one of several men she has made happy?

*D L, Bradford*

I am a nineteen year old girl who has enjoyed many love-making sessions, and I would like to tell you about one.

It was with Paul. I met him when I was sixteen. I was still a virgin and knew nothing about making love. This was because we did not learn about it at school – because it was private, and my parents had

*turn to page 18*


...for every sporting body
Jockey have something to wear before, after and sometimes during. Choose from five styles for a winning look.
Join the JOCKEY club.
Lyle & Scott Limited, 22 Hanover Square, London W1A 1BS. Telephone: 01-629 8000.
RLS 21

# LETTERS

*continued from page 17*

not yet told me about making love, only periods.

One night I went round to his parents place. Everyone was out, except Paul. First we just kissed and then we petted rather heavily. We were both virgins, but he was ready – that I could tell. When he came, God it was great. I was wet. For a first time it was enough to make me want to fuck every day.

Then I saw someone standing over us. It was Paul's brother, Steve, who was great looking but took no fancy in me. Paul left the room and Steve took off his clothes and he fell on me, caressing my boobs. He squeezed and massaged me. Then he surged his cock right into me. God what a screw. Then Paul came back and he and Steve fucked and licked me off and fondled my boobs as though they were babies. I came twice and now my knowledge of fucking is everything. I have done and tried everything and it's a blast.

*Jayne, Surrey*

I was amazed by your Vol 13 No 1 and especially by the girl Donna – the king-size cutie from King's Lynn. She is really fantastic and mostly her adorable bust. I wonder if you can include her in your *Mayfair* Most Erotic Film?

*N A Pope, Tehran, Iran*

After reading *Mayfair* for many years, never before have I been compelled to write to you. But now that has changed. The reason? The beautiful Karin Westood who featured in Vol 13 No 5.

Karin's figure is in such perfect proportion and she has the finest breasts. I love her gorgeous eyes which match her most attractive face. (What I'd do to live on the borders of Shropshire and Worcestershire near Karin). I love her firm round breasts and smooth nipples – in fact everything about her. Karin, I love you and let me see you again in *Mayfair* soon.

*D P, St. Clements, Jersey*

I read with interest the letter in Vol 13 No 7 from a doctor on the subject of medical examinations. My husband subscribes to your magazine and I read it when he is at work.

I have been on the pill for over a year, going to the family planning clinic every three months for examinations. But after an incident with a coloured male doctor, my husband insisted that I visit the local doctor who is a Scotsman of about sixty-five and who is quite pleasant.

Now to the incident. I went for a check-up and the doctor asked me to undress in the examination room. He came in just as I was down to my stockings and suspender belt, which I always wear in the summer for coolness. He looked quite surprised and commented on what a change it made to see stockings and said that it was not important to remove them. He told me to face the wall and he placed his hands under my arms and felt my breasts, asking me if I had felt any lumps. I could feel the thing in his trousers pressing against my bottom all this time; he must have spent five minutes on my breasts. He told me to lie on the examination table and put my feet in the stirrups at the side. This opened my legs completely for him to see. Saying that the internal examination may hurt he poured a liquid onto a facemask and told me to put it over my mouth so that I would not feel anything. I had never done this before but I thought that he was the professional man, and did what he said. I awoke after about fifteen minutes and he was writing my prescription for the pills. I dressed and walked home to find that my knickers were soaked; he had knocked me out with something and relieved himself up me.

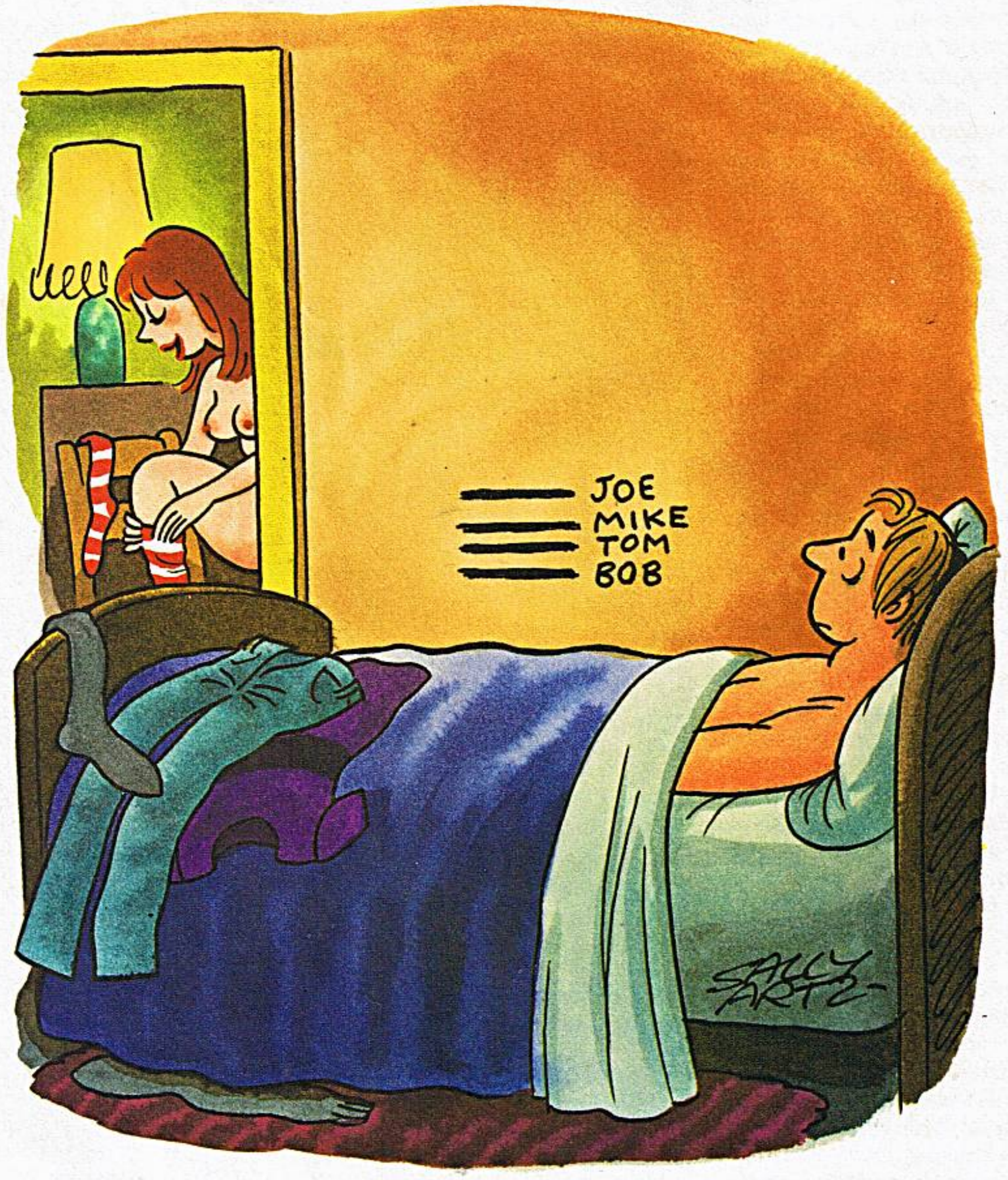
I cannot tell my husband or report him because of the publicity – I am now looking for a woman doctor to stop being molested.

*(Name and address withheld)*

I thoroughly endorse the letters of Messrs Baxter and Stuart (Vol 13 Nos 4 and 6) regarding the attractions of slim, smooth girls with rippling muscles. It is an undeniable fact that circus girls, contortionists and girl gymnasts have superb bodies. This is, of course, due to the strenuous exercises they have to do which keeps them in perfect condition.

For my money there is absolutely nothing to beat the sight of a trapeze girl or contortionist in scanty bikini costume standing acknowledging the applause at the end of her act

*turn to page 21*



*'Make yourself comfy – I'll be right with you.'*

# LETTERS

*continued from page 18*

while the audience feasts its eyes on her flawless body with its tight flat rippling belly glistening with perspiration, and hard proud breasts straining upwards as she fights for breath after her exertions.

So I say that smooth, muscular girls are a fantastic turn-on, so how about some pictures of such girls displaying their magnificent bodies while they work out on the high wire or in the gym (naked of course)?

*George Edwards, Guildford, Surrey*

I welcomed the return of Penny Chisholm in Vol 13 No 7. Her first appearance (wearing those white stockings) was quite the most arousing set I have experienced in six years as a *Mayfair* subscriber.

Lesley Chisholm, too, must be one of the sexiest females to appear in your pages in that time, particularly in her second set, draped to the bed (what a mound of hair!)

Yes, *Mayfair*, in my opinion these two sisters are the biggest turn-ons that you have ever featured. So *Mayfair* I plead with you for a set with Lesley and Penny together. It would surely be the greatest success in the history of the magazine.

*D H, Sevenoaks, Kent*

The last two Quests on obligatory sex (Vol 13 Nos 6 and 7) bring two experiences of my own to mind, through the compulsive and rewarding love-making which formed their background. Being a Virgoan I must admit to being incident prone, but this was an outstanding occasion. Walking through Green Park one hot summer I saw two quite healthy and pleasant girls lounging on the grass, their legs outstretched a long way from their short frocks. The fullness of their blouses was accentuated by the deep sweep of the *décolletage*. A chance remark overheard prompted me to go over and challenge them. They were tickled pink and invited me to sit and talk until their lunchtime ended. As they were colonials our talk was far-reaching and because of the brevity of our meeting and the fact that they lived in separate bed-sitters I asked them both to have dinner with me in my flat. Quite safe . . .? The following Monday was agreed, and I would meet them at Charing Cross station at six. I spent the weekend buying and preparing; on the Monday morning I set the places, ensuring that as little as possible remained to be done on our arrival that evening.

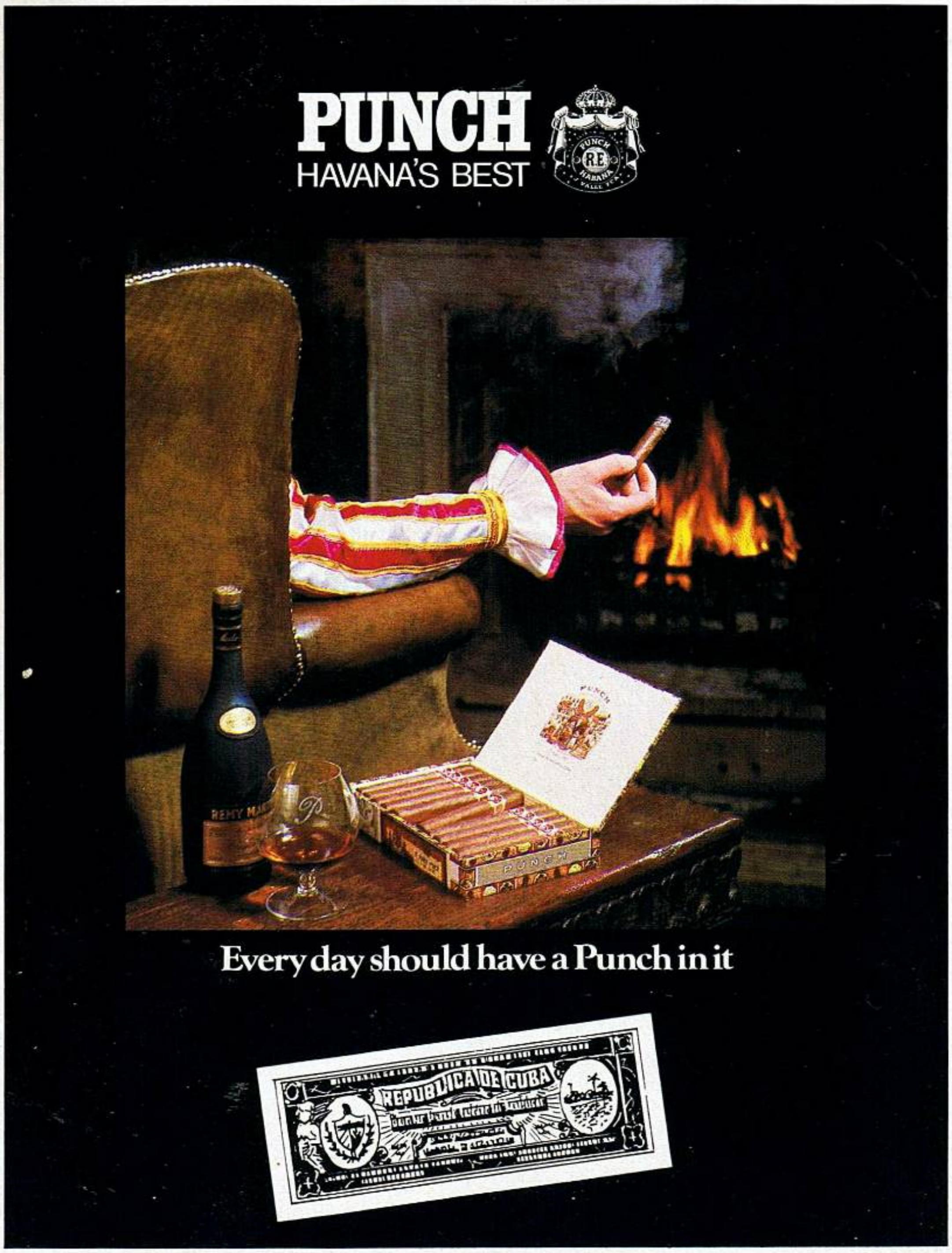
As I walked up the forecourt of Charing Cross at six, I was surprised to see only one of the girls, dressed in a light linen coat and beret with a short frock beneath and no stockings. As they worked in different offices a short delay was possible. But no. Jean was sorry but Pamela could not make it after all. Would I mind if Jean came alone? She could find her way back in the late evening alone.

To the platform then. Commuting was still heavy even at that hour and the Dartford loop was no exception. We managed to squeeze into a carriage doorway just before the train moved off.

The girl seated on the left had to stop playing footsie-footsie with her male companion opposite. Instead she tangled her legs around mine.

The train moved off and passed through Waterloo junction without any incident. Then as it gathered speed Jean compressed and retracted against me. I must have looked surprised because she asked if I was all right, but it was the couple behind her who were holding my attention: they could not keep still. The girl in the window seat seemingly was the only one who heard the remark and looking at the next couple the amusement on her face was really great and mischievous, and her legs tightened around me. Jean tried to be less awkward only to find her coat had moved and I was now against her thin dress with our thighs even closer and the pressure continued more rapidly than before. Innocent as was the initial invitation, I scarcely knew where to put myself and my riseability was becoming evident as it thrust between her legs which she

*turn to page 123*



# LETTERS

*continued from page 21*

could not pull together. There was no change in the seating until we reached our stop of Blackheath when there was a clear path to the door on the opposite side.

Up on street level the situation was the same – a queue for the bus, so my invitation into the bar of the Railway Hotel until it lessened was accepted. Passing mention was made of the crowded carriage but nothing further.

Eventually we arrived at the flat where everything went according to plan. The dishes were ready, and the Sherry; the wine – a Château Montrose – was as it should be. Coffee with a modicum of Southern Comfort made life seem quite perfect and the conversation was as innocent and unsuggestive as could be. But then came the snag. I cleared the table with Jean's help and then left her whilst I washed up. It was not very long after that that she said, with a copy of *Mayfair* in her hand, coming into the scullery: 'Why can't you do that later? Come into the lounge and let your dinner digest. God knows we need some relaxation.'

I tried to explain that I would like to escort her back to the station but nevertheless I saw her point (I had seen two others over the meal but was not letting on); hurriedly drying my hands and leaving the place ready to continue the washing-up later followed her.

Jean had dropped the magazine and now stood by the window and said: 'It is usual to show thanks for a meal like that. No one has ever done it for me like you have done. It was simply great. Just you come here!' which I did and was immediately crushed to her fulsome breasts while she pressed my hips into hers.

'Now you can enjoy the train journey all over again and without people watching,' she said. The slow gyrations of her hips became more provocative and pressing. This I was not going to stand for alone and accordingly raised the back of her skirt only to find the smallest and flimsiest panties in the way. Passing my hands in a similar plane to hers I was able to lever them off, momentarily disengaging myself from the frontal assault and as they dropped to the floor – oh so willingly – went up under her frock to find the upper works absolutely free and nipples hard. After that things went from good to better and after finally washing-up at about two in the morning she stayed the rest of the night. We had a bath and breakfast together. Leaving her at the office I arranged to meet her the following Tuesday as she was going into the country that weekend. But it was not to end there. Thursday evening I had brought some work from the office to do in peace and quiet when the phone rang. 'I tried to get you last night but you weren't there.' It was Pamela. 'Can we meet some time? I was sorry to miss the dinner on Monday. Jean said it was just marvellous. I know I would have enjoyed it too.' Such a pity a delightful girl should be disappointed. I suggested going up river for lunch but she declined. Eventually I was to meet her at Blackheath station at about eleven. She would then be able to get back about six – there was always Greenwich park if we felt over-active . . . We met at the station as planned. The prepared lunch was most happily delayed until after three, though we did not see the Park. We then went to bed – with another bottle of wine – until a bath and breakfast the next morning. Thereafter sometimes we went out as a *trois* to the theatre or dinner but those girls knew how to fix their dates until Jean went back to Canada some four months later and Pamela returned to South Africa.

*(Name and address supplied but withheld on request)*

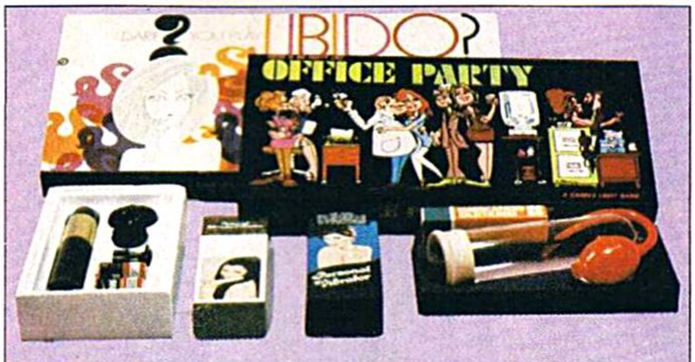
Is there any nice young model who would like to marry me, to keep me out of trouble?

*A L Broughton, Edinburgh*

*Sounds to us as if keeping such a randy lad as yourself out of trouble, any young model might lead her*self *into trouble.*

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

**The House of Pan**
**aids your sexual enjoyment**



**VIBRATOR COLLECTION**
**Mini 4½" Vibro** Regular £1.90—with Tingler £2.90.
**Stimulant 7" Vibro** Regular £2.50—De-Luxe £4.95—with 2 speed £5.65—with Variable Speed £6.25.
**Giant 10" Vibro** Regular £4.00—De-Luxe £6.50—with 2 Speed £7.50.
**Non-Doctor De-Luxe** The world's most advanced vibrator with 4 interchangeable heads—De-Luxe version only inc batteries £6.50—Multi-Speed £7.00—Gold Coloured £9.50.
**Angel's Delight** A specially contoured female stimulant only £4.95.

**ADULT SEX GAMES**
To break the ice and hot things up
**Office Party•Libido•Around the World in Bed•Strip Tac Toe**—All £7.50 each

**INTIMATE SEXUAL AIDS**
**Yago Enlargement Method** A tried and tested method. A full 9 week course with instructions £11.50.
**Mr Wunderful** A device to maintain and broaden the base of an erection and stimulate the female £3.75.
**Dry French Ticklers** Fun condoms in 8 different shapes Flesh £3.00 per 8 Black £3.50 per 6.
**Lubricated French Ticklers** Flesh only £3.80 for 8.
**Romeo and Happy End** Clitoral stimulators. Sexual fulfilment for both partners £1.99 each or £3.70 both.
**Love Ring** An age-old Oriental device for stimulating both partners £2.99.
**Extension Sheath** Adds 1½" to length (Flesh/Black) £2.99.
**Love Eggs** Reverberating love balls only £3.75.

**Leather, Rubber & Lingerie**

**QUALITY LEATHER**
***All top quality leather goods—State: Small, Medium, Large***
**Leather Waspie** Incredible figure hugger only £15.95.
**Leather Bra and Brief Set** Only £11.50.
**Leather Suspender Belt** Only £10.45.

**SPECTACULAR RUBBER**
***All top quality Latex products-State: Small, Medium, Large***
**Rubber Corset** Incredibly sexy £22.50.
**Rubber Bra** Will improve your bust-line £12.50.
**Rubber Ladies Mini-Briefs** Fit like a second skin £7.50.

**SENSUAL LINGERIE**
***Spur him on tonight—State: Small, Medium, Large*** *(Red, Black or Purple)*
**See-through Bra and Panties Set** only £5.90.
**Satin Basque** Sensational clinging corset only £22.50.
**Quarter-Cup Bras** To uplift and extend your breasts and emphasise your cleavage £4.50.
**Matching Suspender Belt** Wide fit plus sheer black stockings for fatal effect £3.80.

**Free** -a mini vibrator or stimulator with orders over £5.00.
**All orders will be sent by return under plain cover. Add 20% p&p for overseas orders.**

**Free**
**Colour Catalogues**
**50p for catalogue only–including 50p voucher.**

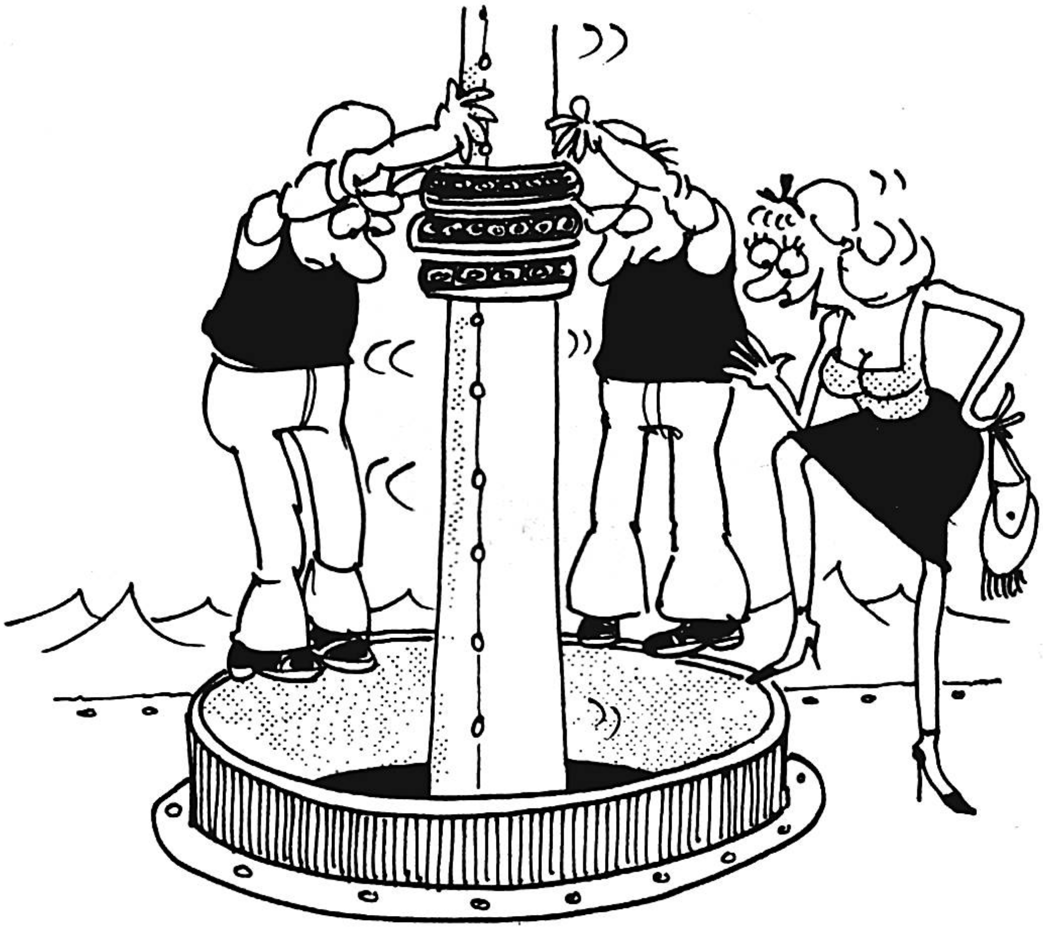
**The House of Pan**
**(Dept 15),**
**Unit 12, Coleshill Industrial Estate, Birmingham B46 1RL**
Callers welcome at Lovescene, 43 The Bull Ring, Birmingham.

# DAWN

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

When the late Laurence Harvey was asked what qualities he looked for in a woman, included on his list was 'the ability to make me laugh, though this would have to be tempered with moderation as it would become a shade tiresome after a while to spend all one's time in paroxysms of mirth.' Dawn Rimmington, who's 20 years old, nods approvingly. 'My sentiments exactly,' she agrees. 'Knowing when to call a halt is vital for anyone who claims to have a sense of humour.'

Cheeky-faced Dawn has, on her own admission, a keenly-honed sense of humour which manifests itself in the playing of practical jokes on unsuspecting victims. 'But not cruel or upsetting jokes,' stresses Dawn. 'After all the whole point is to have fun and not hurt someone. If your victim joins in the laughter afterwards, then you know that you've been successful.' Usual fall-guys for Dawn's elaborate pranks are her work-mates in a Birmingham catering concern. 'Though they're starting to wise up,' says Dawn, 'so I'm having to spread my wings a little bit.' A grin. 'I regard that as a challenge to my skill!'

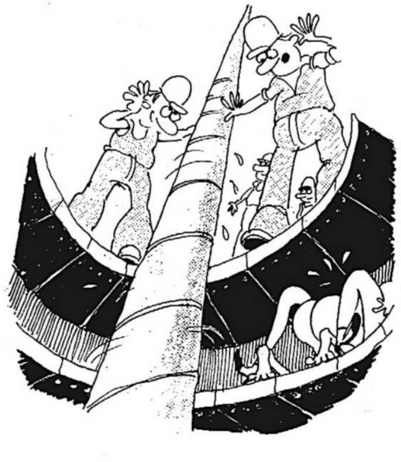


*'Come on, baby, you can do it. Want me to talk dirty? Okay, I'll talk dirty . . .'*

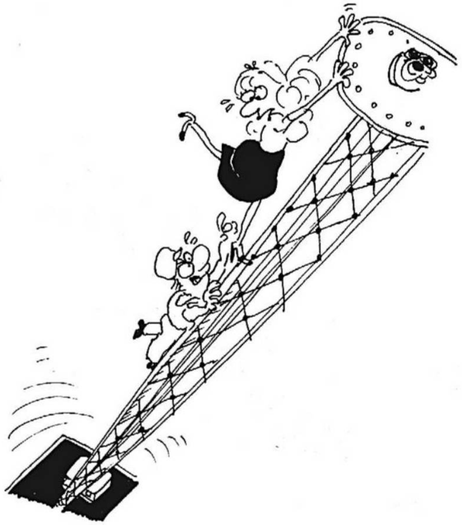
# NORTH SEA CRUDE

Life on a North Sea oil platform can be
boring off the job as well as on, but with a woman aboard,
says Peter Maddocks, the men know their drill

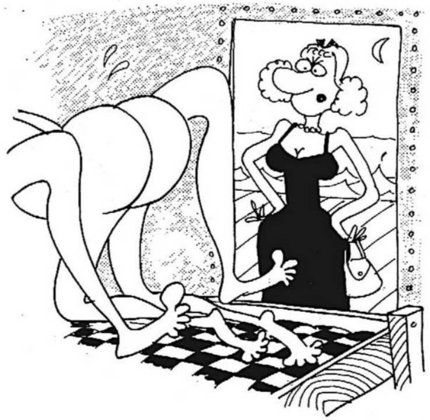
The joke to which Dawn looks back with fondest memories involved her arriving at work one day with just a skimpy bra and panties, plus stockings and suspenders, covering her 35B–24–36. 'The idea was,' recalls Dawn, 'for everyone to act as though I was perfectly normally dressed and try and convince our boss that he was just seeing things. At first he asked me where my dress was, and looked a bit puzzled when I told him I had it on. Then he asked one of the other girls to describe what I was wearing and she said "Oh, Dawn's got on a floral-pattern dress with lace trimmings." He went all round the office, but no-one let on. It was so funny.' Dawn laughs. 'When we let him into the joke he insisted that I sit on his knee and take dictation just as I was. "After all, you *are* fully dressed" was what he said. A smile. 'I suppose it was only fair really. Rebounds do happen.' Now Dawn, about that holiday in the Bahamas and the Rolls we promised . . .



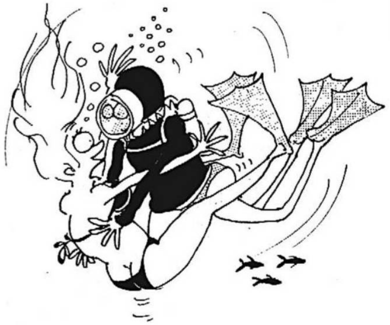
*'Hang on fellas – I think she's about to blow.'*



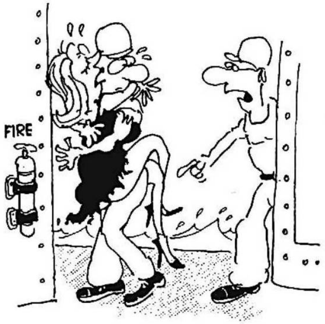
*'No, I didn't! I said catch me* **kiss** *me.'*



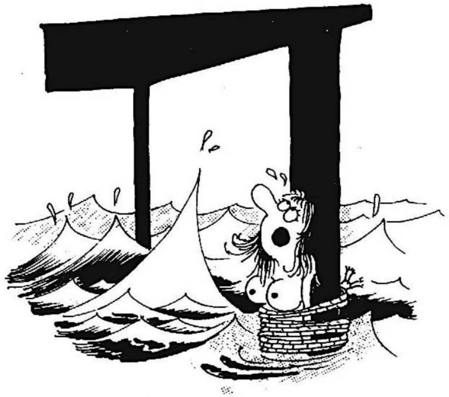
*'You told me you were stuck out in the North Sea laying nothing but pipeline!'*



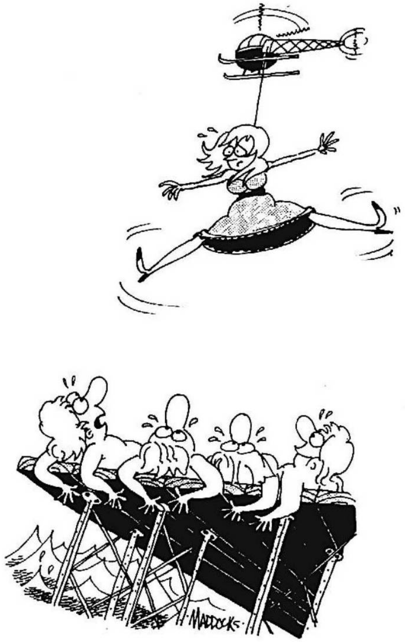
*'Where's that huge gusher you promised to show me?'*



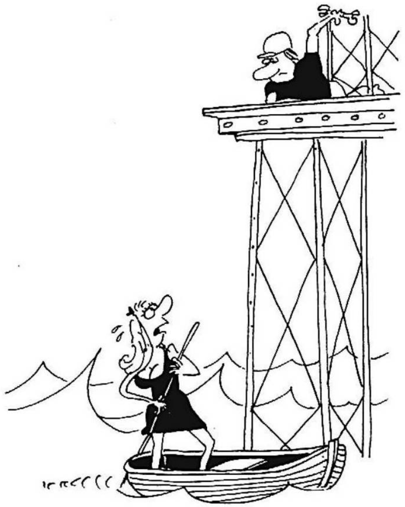
*'Get below–one spark off her and we'll all go up in flames.'*



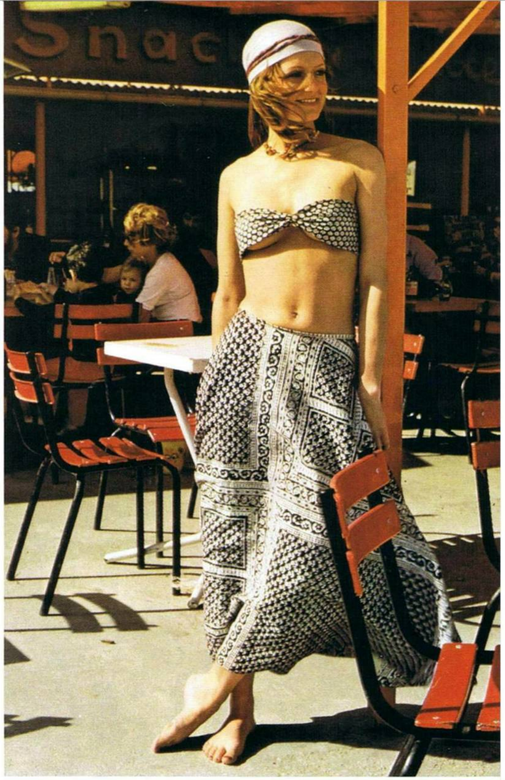
*'Okay fellas, you win – but only one at a time.'*



*'Right a bit, left a bit . . .'*



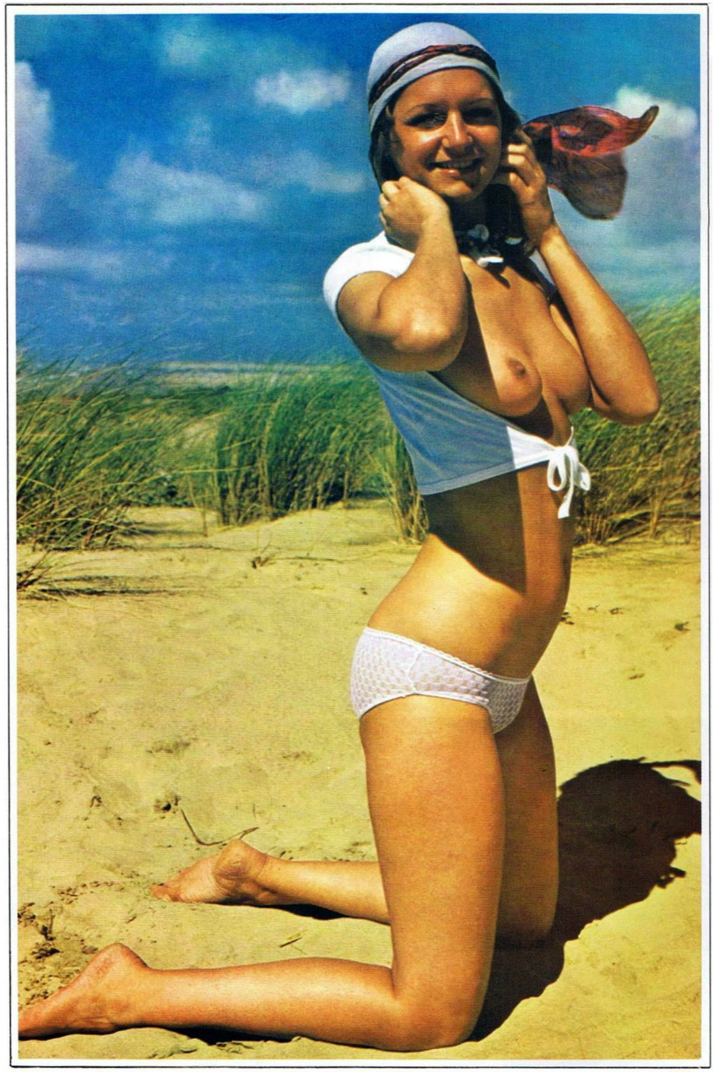
*'He didn't say which rig, just that his name was Tex.'*

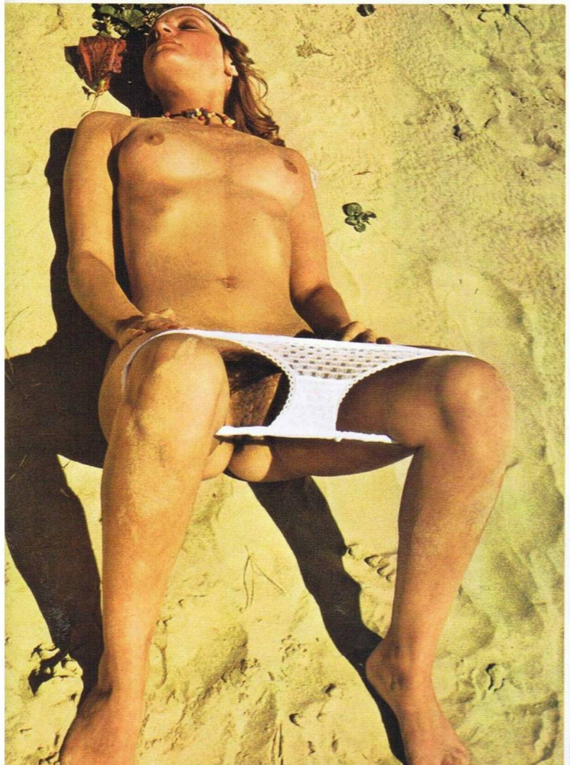


# SUE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
ROGER PEARSON

Twenty-three year old Sue Carlton is a girl who likes to shock people – 'just for a laugh', she grins. 'I enjoy watching their faces as I say or do something others might think twice about.' Like the time ginger-haired Sue was stretched out in the middle of the Yorkshire moors, letting the sun warm every part of her 34-24-34 figure. 'It was so funny,' she says, 'there was no one around. Only one farmer in a tractor came by and stopped, and, looking skywards, he asked me the way to the pub. He didn't look down at me and just carried on his way.' Work-wise, Bradford-born Sue is a believer in variety.





'I have cut a lot of balls off in my time,' she giggles, a twinkle in her green eyes. But not to worry. 'I used to be a veterinary nurse,' she explains, 'and they belonged to little boy kittens. You do it at six weeks and it's all very painless. I also served on the booze section at Liptons, sold shoes, fruit and vegetables, worked for a baker and even for a butchers for a short time. Now I'm hoping for a modelling career.' And Sue, educated at 'Barnsley Girls High School, my dear,' is no stranger to the beauty queen catwalks either, being a finalist in the Miss Bradford contest. 'And that was ever so funny, too,' says Sue. 'We were in a horse and buggy driving through the streets in the Lord Mayor's procession when something in the crowd scared the horse. He reared up and the shaft came loose and he bolted. The buggy went into a lamppost, luckily I stayed put.

'The horse ran off somewhere and, quite frankly, I don't care what happened to the damned thing. People rushed over to us and I was very well felt by the St John Ambulance man! I did suffer some internal bruising and was treated for shock.' During less hectic times, you may well bump into Sue enjoying a game of darts at the *Half Way Inn* at Shipley – 'It was Tetley's Pub of the Year,' says Sue proudly. 'Actually, I'm not bad,' she confides, 'at least for a girl. My top score is one hundred and twenty one.' At other times you might catch sight of her at *The Connection* in Shipley: a pizza palace which features live music from a country and western group. 'Personally, there's no particular group I like – I enjoy all music from Led Zeppelin to Hank Williams.' As for men, Sue says coyly, 'I *am* only human. But I never set out to attract men; I *do* have plenty of men friends on the other hand, but the relationships themselves are platonic only

# THE DOGGER BANK BLUNDER

By Mark Seaman

Why on a dark night in 1904 in the North Sea was the might of the Tsar's Second Pacific Squadron unleashed on four Hull trawlers?

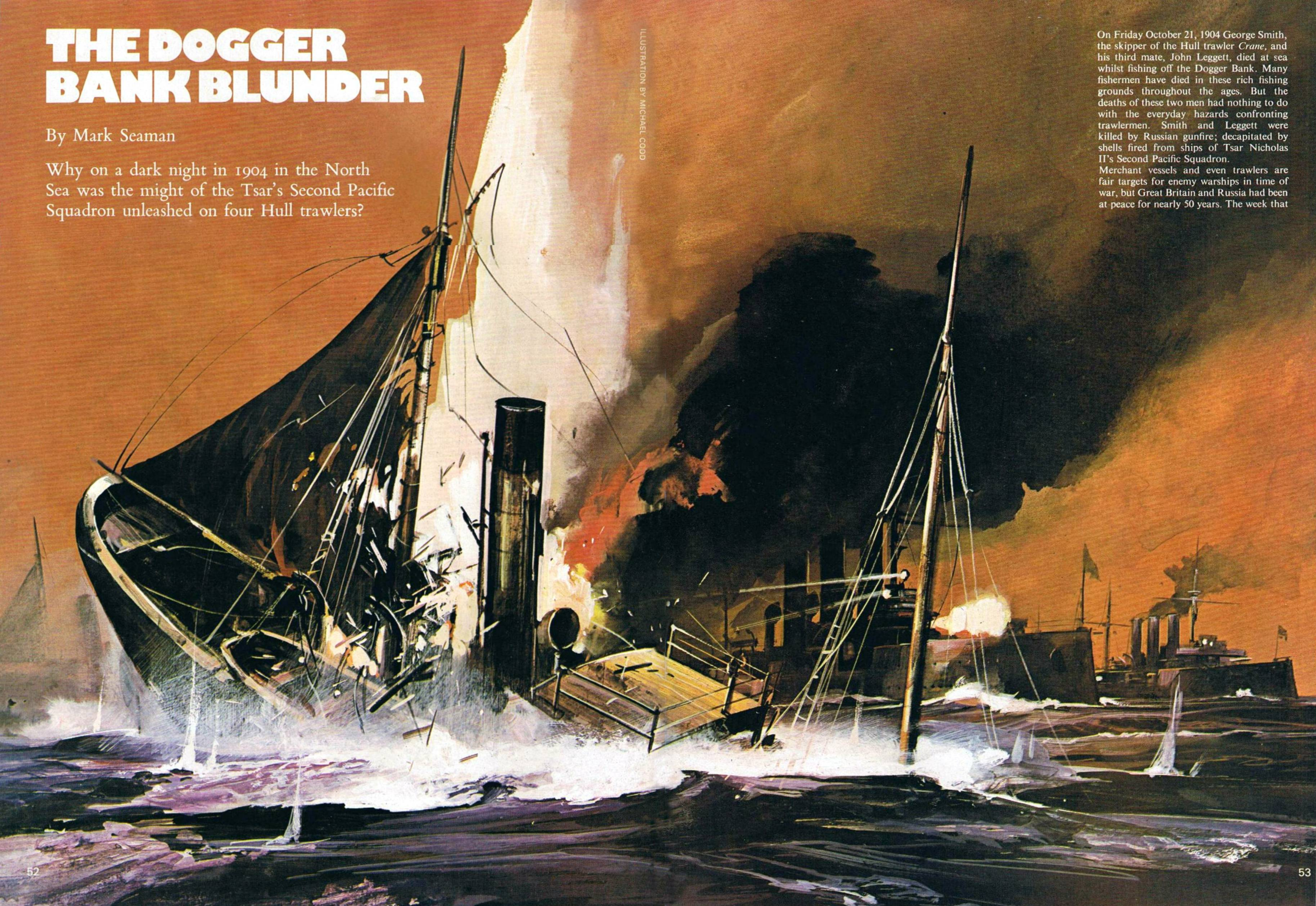


ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL CODD

On Friday October 21, 1904 George Smith, the skipper of the Hull trawler *Crane*, and his third mate, John Leggett, died at sea whilst fishing off the Dogger Bank. Many fishermen have died in these rich fishing grounds throughout the ages. But the deaths of these two men had nothing to do with the everyday hazards confronting trawlermen. Smith and Leggett were killed by Russian gunfire; decapitated by shells fired from ships of Tsar Nicholas II's Second Pacific Squadron.

Merchant vessels and even trawlers are fair targets for enemy warships in time of war, but Great Britain and Russia had been at peace for nearly 50 years. The week that followed this apparently minor incident in the North Sea was to bring these two great world powers to the very brink of war.

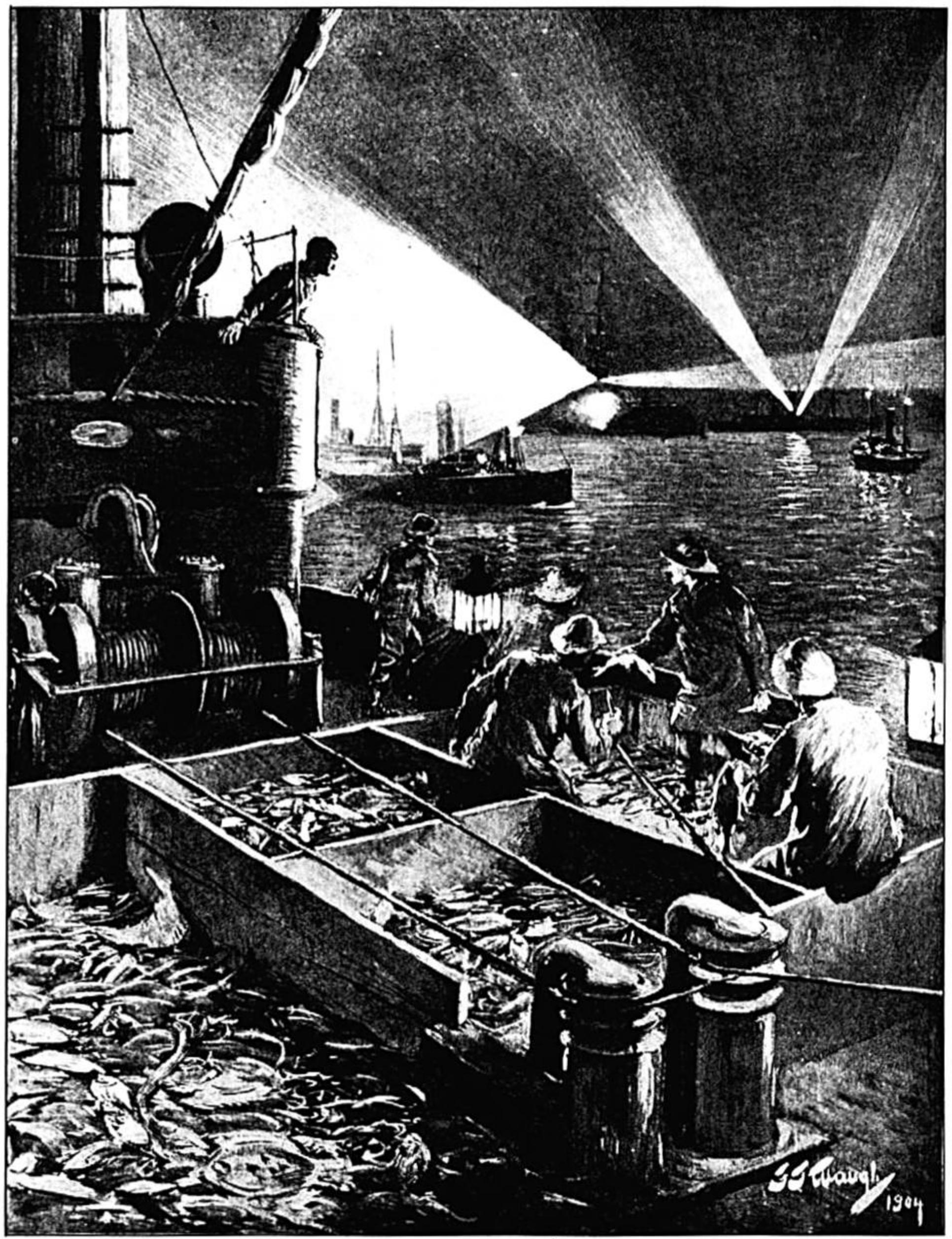
How did it happen? What was a Russian Pacific Squadron doing in the North Sea and, furthermore, what inspired it to attack the fishing fleet of Great Britain, at that time, indisputably, the mightiest naval power in the world?

To get to the roots of the story, we must look back several months to February 1904 and an event that occurred on the other side of the world. On February 8 Admiral Togo of the Imperial Japanese Navy attacked the Russian naval base of Port Arthur in Manchuria with a force of destroyers, thus firing the first shots of the Russo-Japanese War. Fought over rival claims to authority in Manchuria and Korea, the war at first appeared to have only one logical outcome; the crushing defeat of the 'Gallant little Jap' by the Russian colossus.

But events soon shattered the predictions of the experts. Togo bottled up the main Russian naval force in Port Arthur, giving Japan control of the seas and thereby allowing it to transport and supply an army in Manchuria with ease and safety. By May 1904 Japan had gained control of Korea and forced 60,000 Russian troops into Port Arthur, there to join their already beleaguered navy.

Six thousand miles away in St Petersburg, an acutely embarrassed Russian government strove to improve the nation's martial fortunes. The immediate objective was to break the Japanese stranglehold on the Yellow Sea and the Sea of Japan. But the likelihood of this being achieved was further reduced with the news in August of yet another Russian setback, this time at the battle of Round Mountain. Admiral Togo had emphatically shown that the Russian Navy in the Far East could not save itself; St Petersburg had, therefore, to send help.

In 1904 the Russian Navy was divided up into three main fleets; the Pacific Fleet, the Black Sea Fleet and the Baltic Fleet. By August, the active Russian naval strength in the China Seas had been reduced to three armoured cruisers operating out of Vladivostok, the remainder having been either sunk or hemmed into Port Arthur. Of the two remaining fleets, that of the Black Sea was nearest to the battlefront in the East, but it was confined to the Black Sea, the movement of warships through the Dardanelles having been banned by international treaty. That only left the Baltic Fleet, for better or worse, as the only available force. Better never came into it.



*A contemporary artist's impression of the Russians' first shot on the trawler 'Mino.'*

The mission was doomed to failure at the planning stage, long before the ships had weighed anchor from their home ports. The Baltic Fleet was small and decrepit, largely because it was operational on only a part-time basis. For with the Baltic frozen over for half the year, the fleet was able to put to sea only during the ice-free summer months. Russian public opinion and national pride, however, demanded a grand gesture and the Baltic Fleet was the only available means of making it. The plan, to sail 18,000 miles around the world, beat Togo in a great naval battle, relieve the siege of Port Arthur and win the war, was greeted rapturously by the Tsar and his people, equally anxious for victory. It was an ambitious strategy, and that is about the only complimentary comment one can make on it. If the plan was ludicrous, its implementation was farcical. The fleet was reinforced to give it a total strength of 42 vessels but this decision, if anything, adversely affected the fleet's already low chances of success; for a large proportion of the 42 were colliers, transports and support ships, essential on such a long voyage, but adding nothing to the force's combat potential and, what is more, drastically reducing the fleet's speed.

The crews were no more impressive than their ships. The 10,000 sailors manning the fleet consisted mostly of reservists, soldiers, 'green' conscripts and men transferred from the Black Sea Fleet (predictably those that the Black Sea Fleet wished to off-load, such as trouble-makers, subversives and revolutionaries). As one might expect, there was no rush at the Admiralty to command the fleet (optimistically entitled the Second Pacific Squadron). Several admirals, exhibiting supreme common-sense, refused to be associated with such a hare-brained scheme, until eventually, the command was accepted by the Naval Chief of Staff, Admiral Zinovi Rozhestvensky.

A gunnery expert and noted for his honesty and integrity, Rozhestvensky had never commanded a peace-time fleet, let alone sailed one around the world in time of war. Furthermore, the Admiral's character was ill-suited to moulding a collection of disparate elements into an effective fighting force. Exceptionally short-tempered, Rozhestvensky bawled at officers and ratings alike, giving vent to his feelings by throwing binoculars at his staff officers or firing blanks and live rounds from the flagship, *Suvorov*, in the direction of ships slow to respond to his signals.

As the squadron assembled at the Baltic

*turn to page 58*

"Thin hair used to be a real problem ....until I started using Esthetic Hair Thickener."

New Esthetic Hair Thickener thickens every strand of hair up to double its normal thickness instantly, adds body to those areas where hair is thinner. You will look younger, feel more confident.

**A Revolutionary Hair Product**

Esthetic Hair Thickener really works. It's a revolutionary non greasy hair preparation that will actually improve the physical appearance of your hair. It not only thickens each thinning strand, it adds a healthy looking shine to dull lifeless hair as well as conditioning and protecting it. Esthetic Hair Thickener will boost your self confidence as it improves your looks.

**Special Offer**

Esthetic Hair Conditioner is so easy to use. Try it and see. Send for the big 150cc bottle, enough for 12 applications. It costs only £3.65 plus 30p p. & p. and we are making a special offer. If after 90 days you are not entirely satisfied with Hair Thickener, simply return the product to us. We undertake to refund your money without quibble.

**Esthetic Hair Products Limited,**
**111 Fulham Road,**
**London SW3 6RP.**

To: Esthetic Hair Products Limited,
111 Fulham Road, London SW3 6RP.
Please send me Esthetic Hair Thickener
I enclose a cheque/PO for £3.95
(£3.65 plus 30p p. & p.)
Name ........................
Address ......................
.................................
.................................HTMY10

### The Dogger Bank Blunder

*continued from page 54*

port of Libau, the first of a series of mishaps and minor disasters occurred. One of the consequences of being iced in was that the sailors of the Baltic Fleet had been prey to revolutionary infiltrators whilst confined to barracks throughout the winter months. This strong subversive element was made evident in the new Second Pacific Squadron when the crews began to sabotage their own ships prior to sailing. They need scarcely have bothered. In the next few weeks, sheer incompetence and abysmal seamanship were to wreak more damage upon the squadron than any saboteur's efforts.

Threatened from within, the squadron feared a greater danger from without; the dreaded 'Yellow Peril'. The Russian Admiralty was worried to the point of paranoia about another surprise attack like that on Port Arthur, this time to be perpetrated in the Baltic. A brief glance at an atlas would have assured most reasonable men that a Japanese naval presence in Scandinavia was unfeasible. But the Russian Naval Staff was not reasonable; as distance meant nothing in their own planning of operations, they assumed that the Japanese could be equally ambitious (or lunatic). So great, in fact, was the fear of a Japanese sneak attack, that an intelligence unit was established in Copenhagen, under the command of a Captain Hartling. The unit's mission was to monitor information regarding possible Japanese action against the squadron, whilst its budget amounted to some 300,000 roubles and 450,000 French francs. In an attempt to give value for money, Hartling was to send the squadron a series of reports, remarkable for their quantity and variety rather than their accuracy, telling of Japanese minefields, Japanese torpedo boats disguised as trawlers lurking in fiords, Japanese armed merchantmen in the German Bight, Japanese crews in British dockyards awaiting the completion of their destroyers and submerged submarines. These reports were to make an already incompetent squadron a scared, incompetent squadron.

Incompetent is, perhaps, too mild a word to describe the rank ineptitude exhibited by the Second Pacific Squadron in its efforts at leaving port. The first order to weigh anchor resulted in such utter confusion that the ships were sent back to their moorings and told to try it again. If the squadron, collectively, was a mess, individually, the ships began to behave like nautical dodgem cars. One ship, the *Oryol*, was grounded for a day, the destroyer *Bystry* rammed the battleship *Ossliabia* and, as the pièce de résistance, Rozhestvensky's own flagship struck bottom as it tried to leave Libau harbour.

At sea, the most elementary manoeuvres were totally muffed or orders to perform them were ignored; an emergency drill against torpedo attack had to be abandoned because both officers and men were fast asleep and, even when finally awoken, the watch did not have the faintest idea what to do. Having received reports from Hartling of Japanese minefields, Rozhestvensky decided to give his command some practice in minesweeping tactics. The task should have been quite simple; two vessels of matched speed pulling a cable, stretched between them, through the water.

Unfortunately the two vessels selected to pull the sweep were of contrasting speeds and power, with the result that one shot off, leaving the other behind. The cable stretched and then snapped. With remarkable logic, Rozhestvensky solved the problem by ordering that 'the passage is to be considered as having been swept'.

Inept and frightened, the squadron was reduced to a level of panic on leaving the comparative safety of the Baltic, for yet more reports came in from Hartling. As vague as all the preceding information, the latest messages told of 'four mysterious warships proceeding south from Norway, at high speed and without lights', 'a Japanese observation balloon' and, the most ludicrous so far, a naval 'Kamikaze' force.

A result of the fear engendered by Hartling's scaremongering was Rozhestvensky's order that 'no vessel of any sort whatever must be allowed to get in amongst the fleet'. Sound words, but far from increasing vigilance, this command merely made the ill-disciplined squadron trigger-happy. So far, Rozhestvensky and his motley bunch had only inflicted damage on themselves, but now out amongst the thousands of ships that crowded one of the world's busiest sea lanes, it was only a matter of time before they bumped into something.

Upon entering the North Sea, the squadron was split up into six divisions with the Admiral and four new and powerful, *Suvorov* class battleships bringing up the rear. All was progressing well until, just before nine pm on October 21, the flagship received garbled wireless messages from the repair ship *Kamchatka* that she was being attacked by torpedo boats, having lost contact with her cruiser escort following a breakdown in her boiler room. In spite of the tension on board the *Suvorov*, the dreaded news of attack was not taken too seriously, owing to the fact that the *Kamchatka*'s skipper, Captain Stepanov, was a notorious drunkard and that his command suffered in consequence to the extent that it was recognised as the squadron buffoon. But the reports continued to come in throughout the evening; at first telling of a battle with eight torpedo boats and then, at about 11 pm, informing the astonished flagship that the attackers had been beaten off. Thus far, Rozhestvensky and his staff could treat the affair as a joke, albeit in bad taste, but the next message from the *Kamchatka* was of a decidedly sinister tenor. The victorious Stepanov wished to join the battleships and requested that they state their position and indicate it by switching on their searchlights. Having sent this request, the *Kamchatka* met all authenticity checks, wirelessed to her from the *Suvorov*, with total silence. Rozhest-

*turn to page 80*

**The Dogger Bank Blunder**

*continued from page 80*

'mutual support and co-operation' were issued by the Admiralty to the Mediterranean, Channel and Home Fleets, thus putting the entire Royal Navy forces in European waters on a war footing. Against Rozhestvensky's naval version of Fred Karno's Army, the most powerful navy in the world began to turn its attentions. As a correspondent to *The Times* succinctly wrote, Rozhestvensky was 'the ham of a strategic sandwich'. And the bread was very thick, with eight battleships and four cruisers of the Home Fleet moving down from Scotland blocking off any return to the Baltic, whilst the Channel and Mediterranean Fleets waited at Gibraltar for the word from Whitehall. By the evening of the 26th there were already 28 battleships with more on the way and scores of smaller ships poised to crush the Second Pacific Squadron, still 17,500 miles short of its objective.

The diplomats carried on talking, but requests had become demands and threats were no longer veiled. Whilst the Russians delayed and the British sharpened their cutlasses the central character in the whole affair emerged from the Bay of Biscay and put into Vigo in North Spain, blissfully unaware of the hornets' nest he had stirred up. But Rozhestvensky was in no mood to be a sacrifice to appease the gods of diplomacy. Uncharacteristically employing the military axiom of attack being the best form of defence, he sent an astonishing telegram to the Admiralty in St Petersburg. In his report Rozhestvensky claimed that there *were* torpedo boats in amongst the British trawlers and, therefore, any injury to both fishermen and their vessels was their own fault owing to their obvious complicity in the attack. The Admiral's version of the incident turned the entire diplomatic debate on its head. Now St Petersburg berated London about its acts of unprovoked aggression with Hardinge hauled over the coals by Count Lamsdorff, the Russian Foreign Minister. So stormy was this interview that Hardinge was of the opinion that following Lamsdorff's words, there was a fifty-fifty chance of war. In the light of the worsening relations, the Admiralty telegraphed Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, in command of the Channel Fleet, that, diplomatic communications having all but broken down, he should be prepared to 'stop the Baltic Fleet, by persuasion if possible, but by force if necessary.'

Suddenly tempers cooled, literally overnight, and a compromise was agreed, only a matter of hours before Prime Minister Balfour was due to make a speech at Southampton that had threatened to become a platform for a declaration of war. With war staring them in the face Britain and Russia realized that the issues involved did not warrant full-scale war. Ten years later, such common sense was not to be shown by Europe's diplomats.

The affair was not over yet, for with neither country willing to go to war, Britain could afford to emphasise to Russia just how lucky it had been in avoiding a contest with the might of the British Empire. Hardinge 'administered a very severe scolding' to Lamsdorff, whilst Balfour could not resist the temptation to insult, threaten and castigate Russia in his speech at Southampton, although the heat had definitely been taken out of the situation.

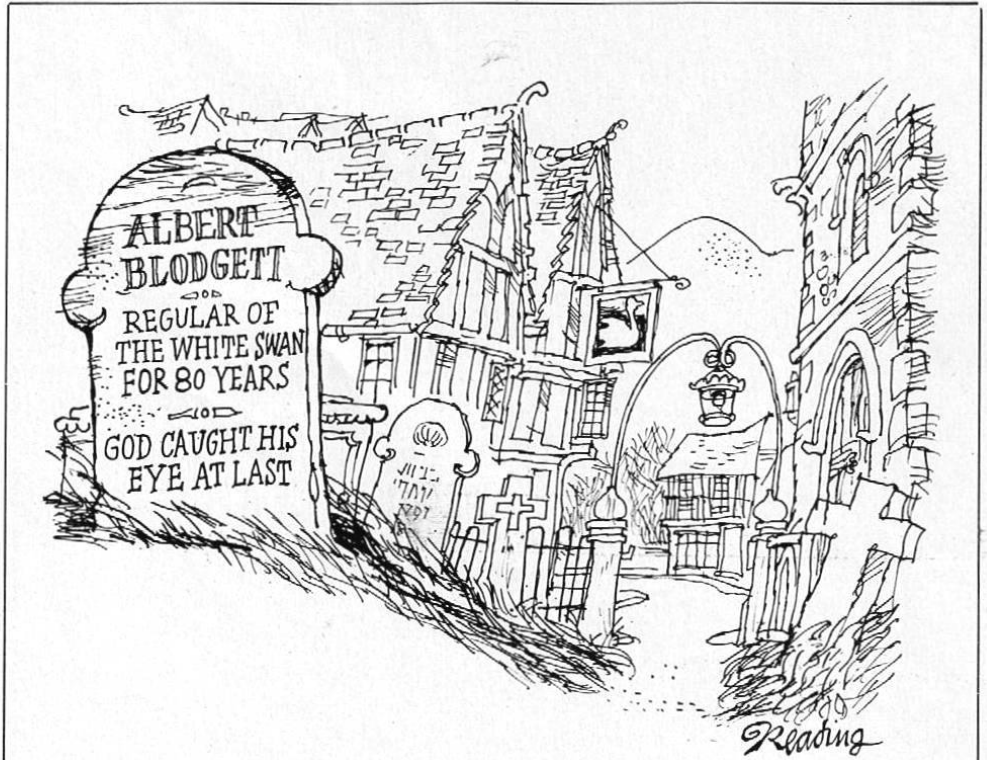
In spite of all this British bombast, the Russians managed to break the agreement without any effective British objection. The Russians had agreed to British demands that the ships and officers involved in the incident would remain in Vigo pending the inquiry but Rozhestvensky left a token four junior officers to answer the charges and sailed away. At first the British Government toyed with the idea of bringing him back. As the ramshackle squadron chugged towards Tangiers, they were shadowed by some of Beresford's cruisers, HMS *Suffolk, Endymion, Theseus, Hermes* and *Lancaster*. Although sorely tempted to force Rozhestvensky to turn back, Lansdowne recognised that he was well rid of the Second Pacific Squadron, it being a diplomatic embarrassment whilst it remained in European waters.

The Declaration of St Petersburg, signed on November 25, 1904 formally ended the diplomatic argument between the two nations, with both Great Britain and Russia agreeing to accept the findings of an international commission of inquiry. But that was where the compromise ended. When the commission finally met at the Quai d'Orsay in Paris in December both sides stuck firmly to their own version of the affair, completely unimpressed by the evidence presented by their opposite number. The whole matter might have sunk a weight of boring legal quibbles but for several farcical elements in the inquiry. Admiral Kazanov, the first Russian commissioner appointed, was so senile that he was totally incapable of remembering anyone's name and was, therefore, replaced. Meanwhile one of the Russians' chief naval witnesses indulged himself so greatly in the pleasures of Paris that he was sent home in disgrace.

Once in the court room, the Russian problems seemed just as awkward. Their legal expert, Baron M de Taube, was more than a little disheartened to receive a report from Peter Rachovsky, the head of Russian secret police in Paris, that there were no torpedo boats in the North Sea and that reports of Japanese activities in Europe were the fiction of a former anarchist agent, attempting to justify his expense account. Their trusted and expensive intelligence system having been exposed as worthless, the Russians were reduced to more menial methods of obtaining favourable evidence; Scotland Yard discovered two 'agents' who had been paid £2 to persuade a trawlerman that he really had seen torpedo boats, after all.

Inevitably, the commission's findings were an obvious compromise, designed to ensure harmony between the nations and offend neither. Rozhestvensky was blamed for the incident but excused punishment owing to extenuating circumstances (namely the misleading intelligence reports) and Russia paid £65,000 in reparations.

At the announcement of the commission's decision, there were murmurs of a sell-out by aggrieved press and public opinion in both Great Britain and Russia but these soon died out with the reports of more recent news, such as the Russian surrender of Port Arthur on New Year's Day 1905 and the annihilation of its intended rescuers, the Second Pacific Squadron, at the battle of Tsushima on May 27, 1905, some five months after the fall of Rozhestvensky's destination.


ALBERT BLODGETT
REGULAR OF THE WHITE SWAN FOR 80 YEARS
GOD CAUGHT HIS EYE AT LAST
Reading

### The Dogger Bank Blunder

*continued from page 58*

vensky, not unnaturally, now became convinced that something really was afoot. The Admiral's suspicions were confirmed an hour later, when flares were sighted ahead of the force, the outline of warships appeared on the horizon and small craft (presumably the *Kamchatka's* attackers) were found to be in amongst the battleships. The signals, 'Action Stations', then, 'Engage the Enemy' were sent out and fire was directed at the warships and small craft for between ten and 20 minutes. The engagement ended when the 'enemy' warships on the horizon signalled that they were Russian and when it gradually dawned on Rozhestvensky and his cohorts that the torpedo boats were fishing trawlers. The warships were the cruisers *Dimitrii Donskoi* and *Aurora* (some 50 miles off their intended position); both had suffered damage, a gunner had been injured and Chaplain Afanasy of the *Aurora* had been killed. The trawlers were not Japanese either.

Part of the Hull fishing fleet, they had suddenly found themselves looking down the muzzles of the battleships' guns, barely 100 yards away. The trawler *Crane* had been sunk, its entire crew (except one boy) injured and George Smith and John Leggett killed. Of the other vessels in the fleet, the *Gull Moulmein, Mino* and *Alpha* were all seriously damaged.

Rozhestvensky and his battleships sailed on, still unsure of whether the attack had been real or just another one of their monstrous gaffes. Meanwhile, the trawlers limped back to Hull, the two headless corpses, shattered vessels and wounded fishermen substantiating their claims of unprovoked aggression. The behaviour of the Russians was made to appear all the more callous by the absence of any offer of assistance at a disaster of their own making. By the time the trawlers had reached port on the Sunday evening, Rozhestvensky had re-coaled in the English Channel and had been continuing his voyage into the Atlantic for five hours. Upon hearing news of the 'dastardly outrage' (King Edward VII's own view of the incident), Britain went into paroxysms of rage. The demand for revenge was made all the more forceful by an already existing popular support for Japan and the ironic coincidence that the incident occurred on the 99th anniversary of the battle of Trafalgar. The Russian Ambassador, Count Benckendorff, was nearly mobbed at Victoria Station, while the streets of London filled with demonstrators.

As the public railed, the telegraph wires hummed with the politicians and monarchs of the two nations seeking to unravel the mess. The British immediately adopted the role of the wounded party, while the Russians' position as accused was made all the more untenable by the one-sidedness of the evidence, Rozhestvensky being at sea, somewhere between Brest and Vigo. Lord Lansdowne, the British Foreign Secretary, and Sir Charles Hardinge, the British Ambassador in St Petersburg, pressed for an admission by the Russians of culpability, punishment of the guilty officers and reparations for the injured parties. Understandably, the Russians were loathe to admit anything that could be interpreted as a plea of guilty. In an attempt to defuse an increasingly explosive situation, the Tsar wrote to King Edward. 'Through foreign source have heard of sad incident in North Sea. Deplore loss of lives of innocent fishermen. Our fleet being at sea I have not yet received any direct information from Admiral. Having had many warnings that Japanese were lurking (in) fishing smacks and other vessels for purpose of destroying our Squadron on its way out, great precautions were ordered to be taken, especially by night, whenever any vessels or boat in sight. Trust no complications will arise between our countries owing to this occurrence. Best love, Nicky.'

But complications did arise, with Russian diplomatic vagueness inadequate to calm British demands that grew increasingly more assertive. The Foreign Office wanted to stop Rozhestvensky's mission until the incident had been suitably investigated and if diplomacy could not persuade St Petersburg to halt the squadron, then, perhaps, the Royal Navy might succeed. On the evening of October 24 orders for

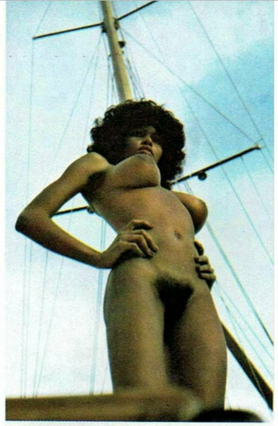
*turn to page 82*

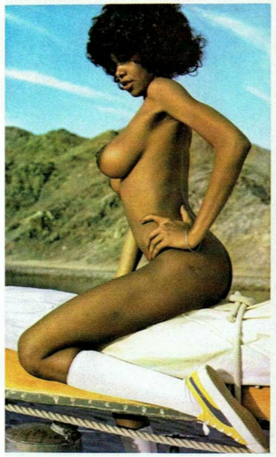
NO OTHER PINT REFRESHES
FASTER THAN STRONGBOW.
STRONGBOW
STRONGBOW. THE PINT THAT DELIVERS.
Available on draught, in bottles and cans.

# CAMELLA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

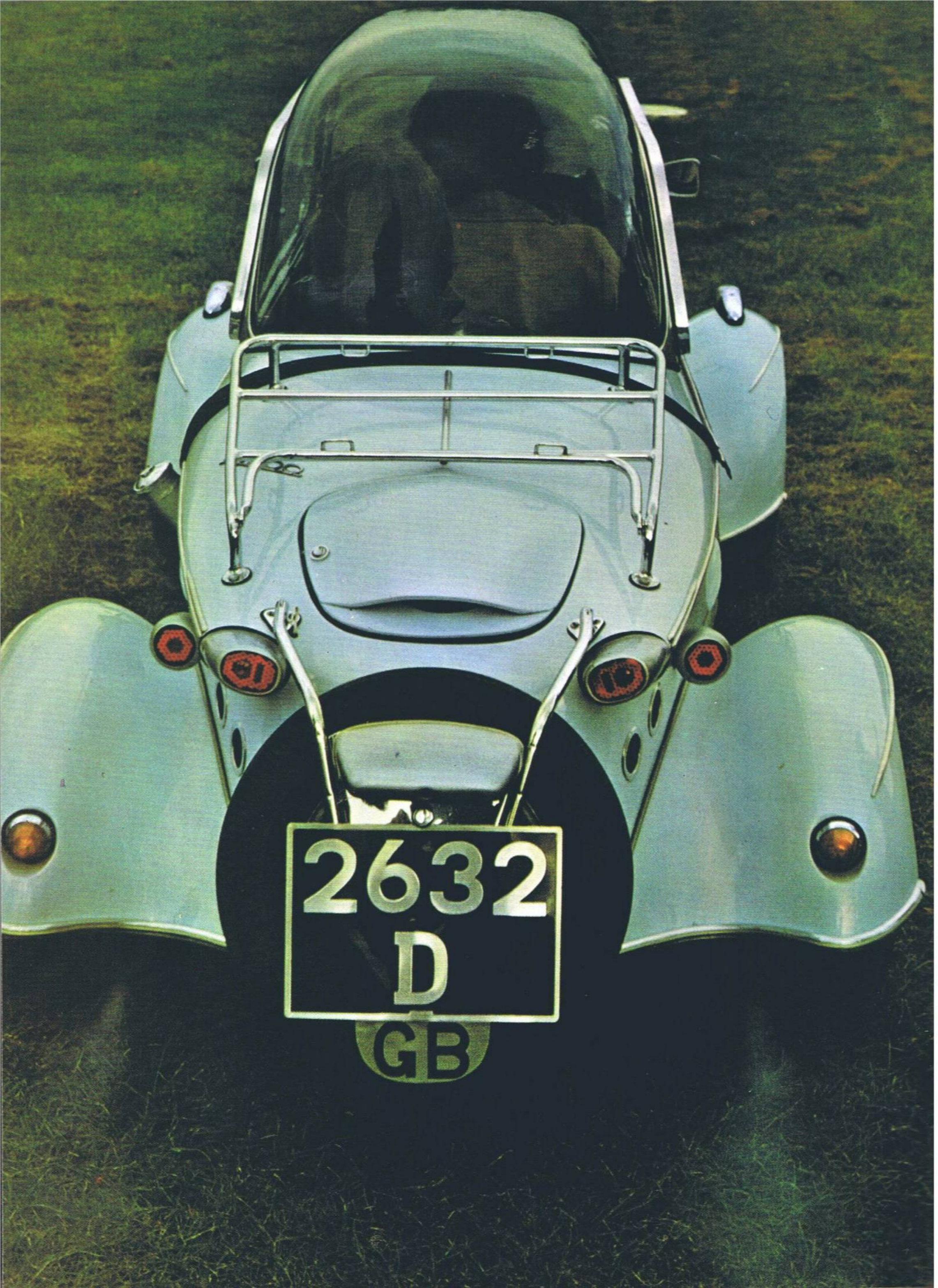
As any geography book will reliably inform you, the sun-drenched, palm-fringed Caribbean island of Antigua is a part of the Leeward Islands which themselves are a component of the Lesser Antilles. What books won't tell you though is that of all the exports to come from this part of the world, none can surely have more man-appeal than our astounding 34D–22–34 centregirl Camella Donner.





Camella, who's 20 years old, arrived in London from Antigua three years ago and instantly started whipping up a storm in the modelling world. She's appeared in poster and magazine adverts for Polaroid sunglasses and Joy soap for the Nigerian market, but she blew minds in this country during an appearance on BBC's *Top of the Pops* last year. As the group Heatwave played their hit song *Too Hot To Handle*, a scantily clad Camella gyrating to a backdrop of flames was superimposed over the group, thus causing the temperatures of countless male viewers to rocket up. We whipped Camella from the studios away for a shoot on the Red Sea, (read about that in 'Scene' on page 15), but for now, just feast your eyes upon a truly outstanding girl.

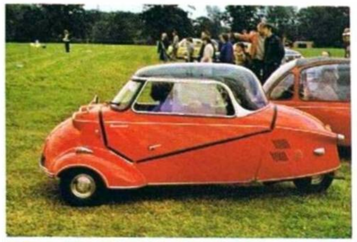
MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / CAMELLA DONNER

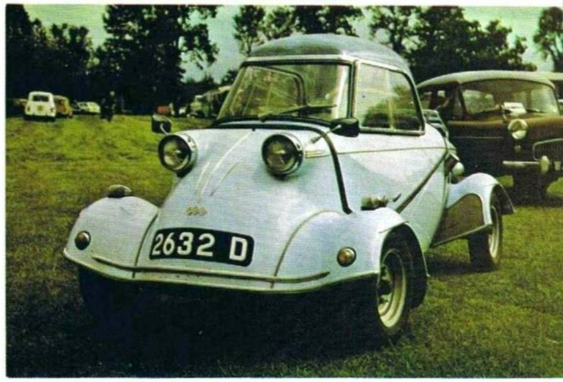


# COCKPIT CRUISERS

Photographed by Andrew Morland

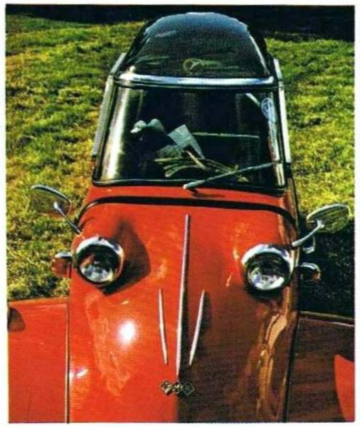
Economical and reliable, the bubble car was a bold but short-lived attempt to create a cheap and handy runabout transport. Motoring with Bill Boddy





Motoring history has all manner of facets and side roads that some of us find it interesting and even nostalgic to glance back at. One such is the brief life of the bubble car. Before these motorised goldfish bowls burst on the astonished motoring firmament there had been a similar manifestation in pursuit of economical personal transport, in the guise of the cyclecar. Cyclecars, usually nasty stick-and-string-wood-and-wire confections, belonged to the 1912 to 1920s period. The bubbles came much later.

The idea behind each was the simplest possible, most basic motoring, for the impecunious who had to be mobile on the proverbial shoe string. There was, of course the motorcycle. Motorcycles were fine on dry days and over dry roads. But in the

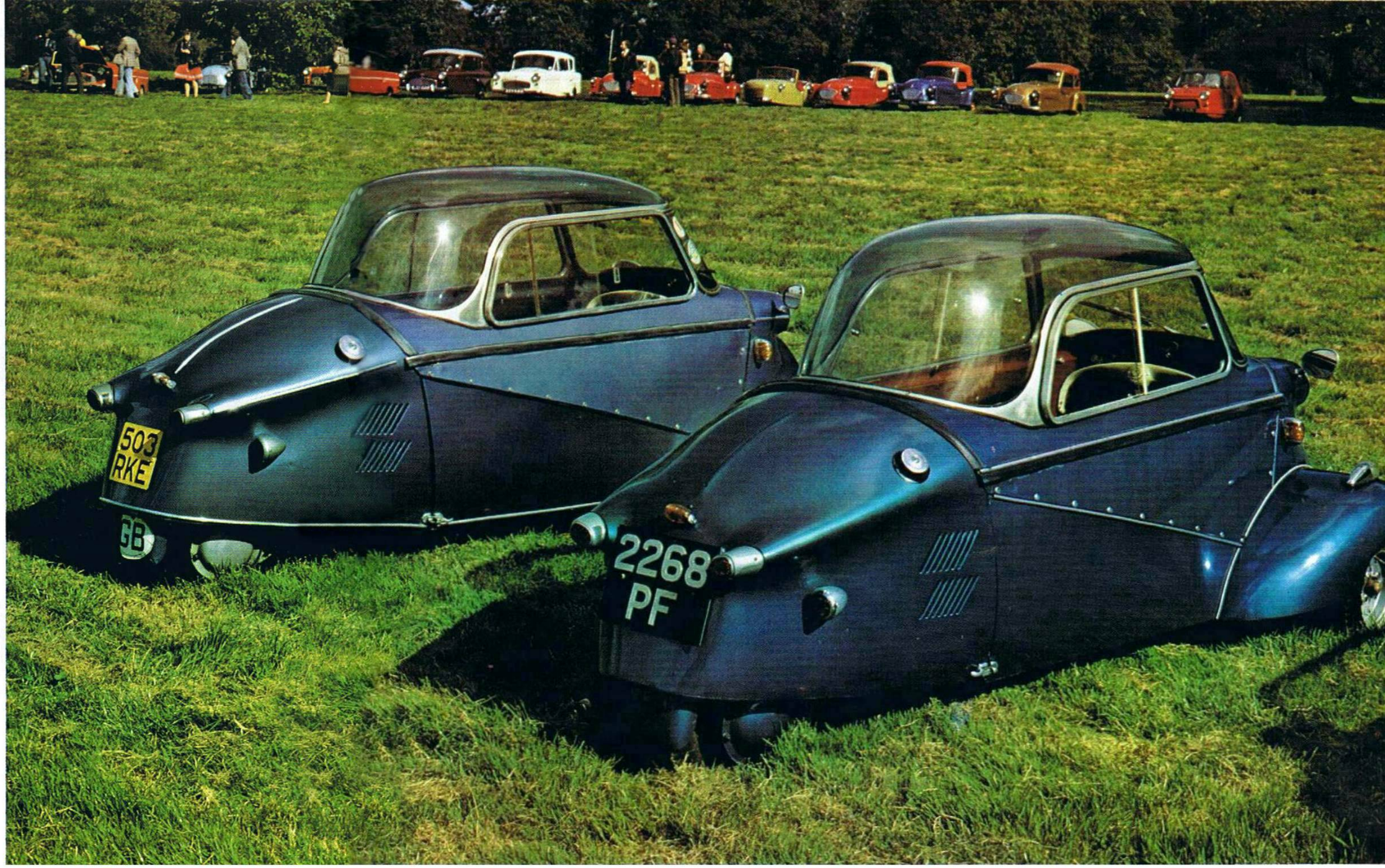


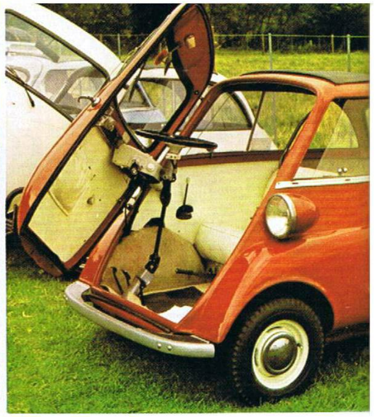
*Main picture: a German four-wheeled Messerschmitt Tiger. Its 500cc two-stroke engine gave it the exceptional maximum speed of 90 mph. Only 16 were ever imported into this country. Clockwise, starting this page, top: the Messerschmitt KR 201 cabin scooter. Its single-cylinder 191cc Sachs two-stroke engine gave a 50 mph top speed and a 40 mph cruising speed. Unique in its tandem seating design, the car was produced in Germany from 1955 to 1964. Below: an oblique view of the Tiger. Next: views of the distinctive front and rear of the Messerschmitt cabin scooter.*

rain they were both very uncomfortable and rather lethal – I am thinking in terms of the fixed-gear, high-built, single-speed machines of the pre-1914 and immediately post-Armistice period. Moreover, man seeks woman, or as they said later, boy needs girl. The birds, in today's parlance, might be persuaded onto a pillion seat (there were nicely sprung ones like the Tansad to tempt them) on the aforesaid fine days. But the 'flapper bracket' was hardly the place for a smart young female in bad weather. You could, of course, purchase a sidecar, which kept your female companion dry but killed most of your bicycle's performance and isolated the woman in your life from you as you rode the device – assuming a solo rider ever managed to master a sidecar-outfit. Beneath a sidecar's hood you scarcely *saw* your girl, and gone were her arms clinging firmly to your waist, as they would have been when she rode behind you, tandem on the solo motor-bicycle.

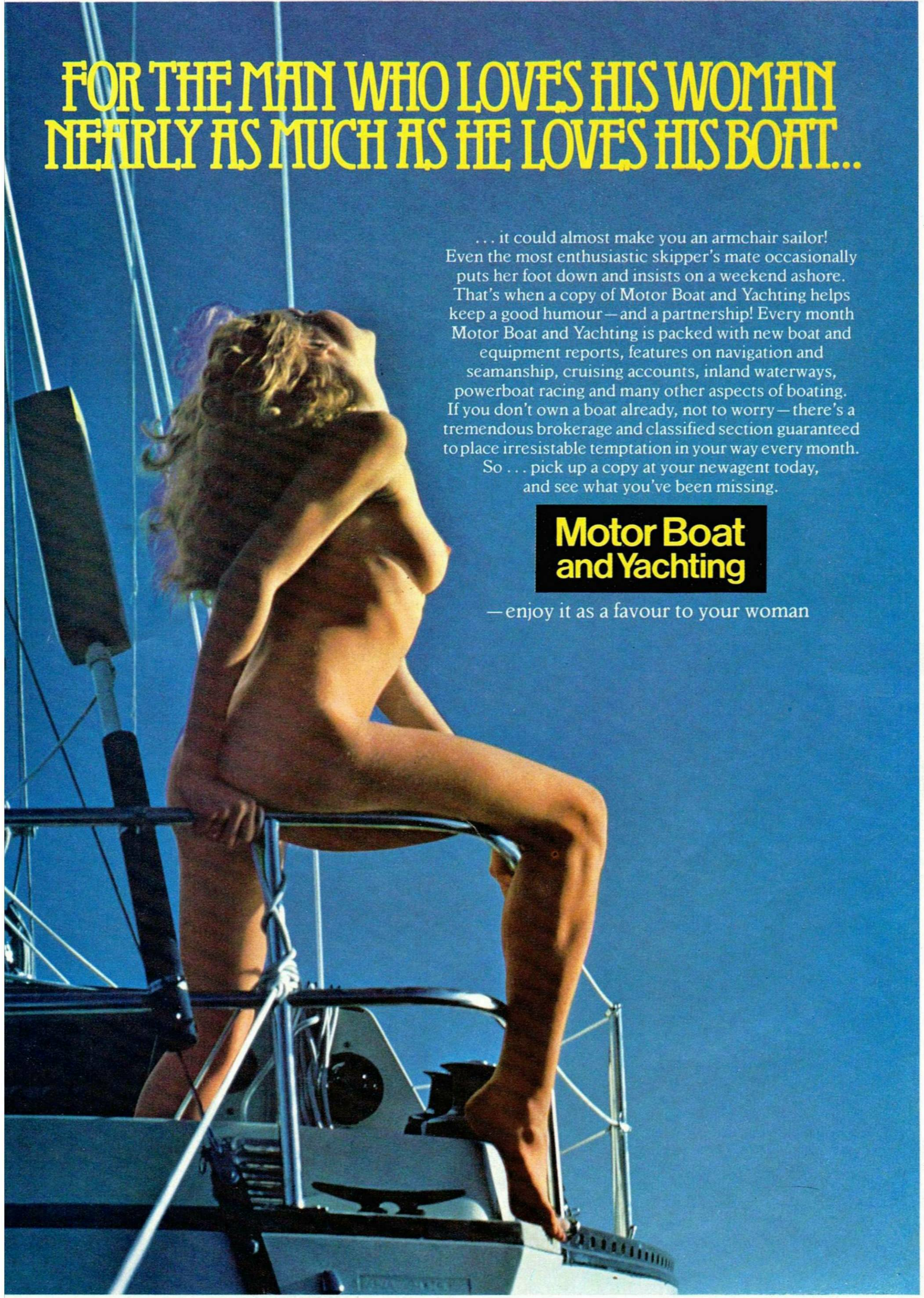
No wonder the lads turned at first to cyclecars and later, after another war was over, to bubble cars. I have called cyclecars stick-and-string contrivances but I remember that one of this breed, the Tamplin, was actually constructed of a kind of

*turn to page 75*





*Main picture: early three-wheeled Messerschmitt cabin scooters. Clockwise, starting below: the Isle of Man-made 49cc Peel Trident. Below the Irish Nobel 200. Next: a 200cc Heinkel. Produced in Germany from 1954 to 1960, the four-wheeled Heinkel was one of the most popular bubble marques. Next: the Isetta. Made first by Iso of Italy in 1954 with a 236cc two-stroke engine, it was later produced by BMW of Germany with a 245cc four-stroke engine. Next: front and rear views of the Trojan 200, a British version of the Heinkel, manufactured here from 1960 to 1964.*



FOR THE MAN WHO LOVES HIS WOMAN NEARLY AS MUCH AS HE LOVES HIS BOAT...

... it could almost make you an armchair sailor! Even the most enthusiastic skipper's mate occasionally puts her foot down and insists on a weekend ashore. That's when a copy of Motor Boat and Yachting helps keep a good humour—and a partnership! Every month Motor Boat and Yachting is packed with new boat and equipment reports, features on navigation and seamanship, cruising accounts, inland waterways, powerboat racing and many other aspects of boating. If you don't own a boat already, not to worry—there's a tremendous brokerage and classified section guaranteed to place irresistable temptation in your way every month. So ... pick up a copy at your newagent today, and see what you've been missing.

Motor Boat and Yachting

—enjoy it as a favour to your woman

**Cockpit Cruisers**

*continued from page 72*

superior cardboard. I remember this because I was once prevailed upon to ride in one of these crude machines, very uncomfortably, in a long-distance night-and-day trial. We had chugged through the darkness almost as far from the London start as Basingstoke when the fragile fibreboard, of which the entire vehicle was made, proved too brittle to stand any more and the engine fell out.

The bubble car, which came on the motoring scene much later, had exactly the same purpose, namely to offer inexpensive travel without the discomforts inseparable from going about one's lawful and unlawful occasions on two wheels. In fact, the bubble car was intended as a bad-weather substitute for the then prolific motor scooters. Mention of motor scooters threatens to start me off on another historical discourse, from which I will try to refrain. Let me be brief and just mention that there were motor scooters in the 1920s, crude like the cyclecars of those days, and yet becoming quite a craze. You stood up to ride your Unibus or ABC Scootamota or whatever, steering it with handlebars. I have never quite been able to comprehend why this was better than riding a small-engined motorbike. Perhaps motor scooters were then tilted towards people like district nurses, who did not care to sit astride a petrol tank or whose voluminous skirts (we are thinking of the early 1920s) might well get caught up with the chains and belts, with unhappy results, at all events for the wearer.

The kind of scooters which the bubble cars were out to replace were far more sophisticated things, with saddle or seat. Anyway, by the time they emerged onto the post-World War Two scene women's lib was operating, to the degree that the girls wore hardly any skirts and riding a motorcycle or scooter presented no difficulties or disasters. Only discomforts, which the bubble car overcame. The accompanying photographs convey us back to the period of these unusual machines. Strictly, of course, a bubble car should look more or less like a wheeled bubble. The first ones did. In time there were the usual deviations. It is fun to look back at these odd motor vehicles, now almost defunct, although some have survived and there is the inevitable club catering for them. They emanated from Italy, when few peasants could afford proper cars. The age-old problem was. however, the same. In the normal sunny heat of that jolly country a motor scooter was great, especially as it encouraged young bloods with thoughts of Alfa Romeo, Ferrari and Maserati in their heads to nip through the traffic of Milan and Turin, Naples and Rome more quickly than any car. But in the rain – and it can rain even in Italy – the birds soon tired of getting wet when riding side-saddle on the back of a quick scooter, attempting to hold aloft an umbrella. Hence the bubble car.

On the whole these were pretty crude. I remember that talented motoring writer and engineer, the late Laurence Pomeroy (his father had been chief engineer of the illustrious Daimler company) saying of one make of bubble that it had 'a certain sordid fascination, like picking at a scab'. I sampled a few of the family and had my moments, as when a Bond three-wheeler (not exactly a bubble but included under this general heading) shed its steering pulleys (it was steered through the medium of wires), which were promptly commandeered by some Sea Scouts before I could find them. Many of these machines had very underpowered two-stroke engines which, like two-strokes in lawn mowers, were all too apt to oil up, soot up, or grow whiskers on their plug points. They ran on tiny tyres and so bounced around a lot. Never mind. Let's refresh our memories about some of the better-known specimens.

There was the Isetta, which started it all. That was back in 1953, when Iso SpA of Milan (where those beautiful but drenched Italian birds were still sitting it out on scooters) gave them something different. The Isetta was a replacement for the company's own contribution to those unprotected two-wheelers. It was certainly ingenious, a true bubble. Under $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, it was a four-wheeler but with a rear track of only two feet. You entered it through a front door that dropped a hinged steering column and wheel into your lap as the door shut. Think of this, in a head-on crash! A 236 cc twin-cylinder two-stroke engine with both cylinders sharing a common firing chamber, was in the tail, driving through a four-speed, all-synchromesh gearbox. There were, though, Dubonnet-type independent front springing, and hydraulic brakes. As the Italian economy improved things like Fiat 500s ousted the Isetta bubble. It lived for a mere three years. But it was adopted by BMW in Germany, and as BMW of Munich always do things very nicely, this BMW Isetta, which had a single-cylinder *four*-stroke engine and was introduced in 1954, lasted until 1963. Isetta of Great Britain also made it from 1957 to 1964, under licence from BMW; both three and four-wheeled English Isettas were produced.

On much the same ploy was the Heinkel bubble, brought out in 1955. It looked like an Isetta but had a four-stroke motor of 175 cc in its tail, cooled by air, which was later enlarged to 198 cc, and close-set twin back wheels added. Trojan adopted the design here, using a 200 cc two-cycle engine. Another on the same basic lines was the Fuldamobil of Fulda, extant from 1950 and for a decade thereafter. It was built under licence here as the Nobel and also in Greece, Chile and India, which makes it sound more desirable than perhaps it was. It used various propellants a 200 cc Ilo engine in later times. Bodies were of steel and later of fibreglass.

It is curious how aircraft manufacturers seem to have been attracted to the bubble theme.

We have discussed the Heinkel: the Zundapp borrowed a design from Dornier, and there was the quite popular Messerschmitt. The last-named was a bit different in looks from other bubble cars, being a narrow tandem-seater. In fact a legend arose that they were based on surplus cockpits from the Messerschmitt 109! Originally a three-wheeler, the Messerschmitt Tiger of 1958 to 1960 was a four-wheeler with a 500 cc Sachs engine, quite a sting in the tail. A Messerschmitt could be pushed through very slight gaps in town traffic, steered by handle-bars, and its transparent bubble top was hinged down one side. You just climbed in and pulled the top over you, aeroplane fashion. There were inbuilt headlamps and the spare wheel fitted onto the tail. Dispense with the top and you have a rather amusing open flier for two; until it rains. Which is about where we came in.

Before closing, however, I must include the Peel Trident, as the oddest bubble anyone has ever blown. First, it was the only Isle of Man motor. Secondly, it looked like a travelling telephone kiosk. Thirdly, it was a one-seater and its DKW engine was a mere 49 cc – about the size of those engines in model boats when I was a boy! Peel came up against the boy-needs-girl syndrome, so brought out a tandem two-seater in 1965. But the marque did not last. Mostly people who want economy go for Minis. Yet the bubble car theme is still with us. Latest is the French Flipper, intended for an adult and child (which seems to leave someone out). It uses a single-pot three bhp Sachs engine driving the front of the vehicle, and turning as a unit, like a Bond's engine, except that the Flipper has *two* front wheels, on a centre-pivot axle like a traction engine. This bubble car of 1978 weighs 328 lb, is $6\frac{1}{2}$-feet long and apparently reaches all of 15mph. It costs about the equivalent of £1,300 in its home country. So it is a great deal more expensive, and a good deal slower, than those cyclecars and 1950s bubble cars we have been recalling.

JUMBLE SALE
MAKE ME AN OFFER

*'I didn't think for a moment that you'd accept!'*

LOOK WHAT'S
IN FRONT
OF YOU
MAYFAIR'S 1979
COLOUR
CALENDAR

Tanned, torrid and tempting – that's Cathy Flaubert, a truly outstanding centregirl in volume 12 number 6 and now one of the twelve sensational *Mayfair* maids who bare all again in our latest, greatest full-colour calendar. With twelve girls like Cathy to keep you company all through the coming year, no wonder ours is Britain's biggest-selling glamour calendar and at just £1.65 each – which includes first-class postage and plain, flat, crease-free wrapping – they're great value too. If you've bought a *Mayfair* calendar before, you'll need no second bidding to snap up our latest, but if perhaps you're a new reader you've got a real treat in store. Just clip out the coupon, mail it to us and see for yourself just how great 1979 will be.

*Mayfair's* 1979 colour calendars cost £1.65 each, which includes first-class postage, and are sent to you packed flat and crease-free under plain cover. Send your order to: **Mayfair Calendar, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.** Print your order on plain paper if you don't wish to cut this page.

Please send me .......... calendars at £1.65 each. I enclose a cheque/postal order for ..........................

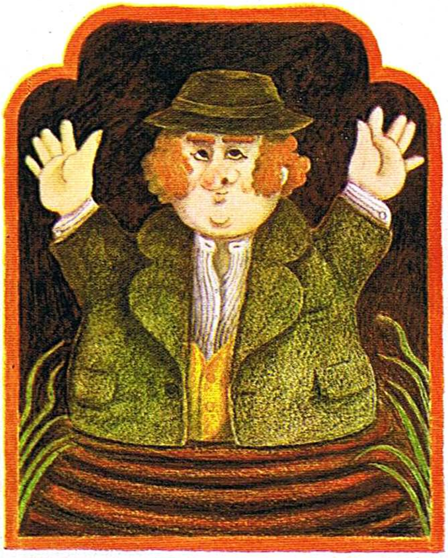
Name..........................................

Address..........................................

..........................................

.......................... Date .......................... M1310

# Gentlemen, that reminds me...



## A round-up of after-dinner jokes

After working in the same office for thirty years a man had a retirement party thrown for him. The general manager, sales manager and office manager were pompously present. The embarrassing speeches ended and the man was called upon to respond with a few words. Looking solemn, he gently put a hand on his boss's arm and gestured meekly toward the general manager and sales manager. Bowing his head slightly he intoned: 'I can honestly say that before I go to sleep every night I think warmly of what these three gentlemen represent. They represent all that I could wish for.'
There were radiant smiles from the beneficiaries, silence from the other guests. 'They are indeed,' he continued, 'all I hold dear: a slippery cunt and a pair of big tits.'

A girl walking in the park was surprised to see two men embracing each other.
'Are you two brothers?' she asked.
'Heavens no,' replied the first man, 'we're not even religious.'

On their first date a boy drove his girlfriend to the edge of town and parked, but when he put his hand on her breast she got out of the car in a huff and walked home. 'Dear Diary,' she wrote later, 'a girl's best friends are her legs.'
On their second date the boy drove into the country but when he slipped his hand under her skirt, she again jumped out of the car and headed home. 'Dear Diary,' she wrote 'I repeat, a girl's best friends are her legs.'
However, that incident blew over too and on their next date the boy drove all the way to the next county. 'Dear Diary,' the girl wrote some hours later, 'there comes a time when even the best of friends must part.'

The innocent young girl came home very worried. 'What's the matter dear?' asked her mother.
'In biology today we learned that a baby comes out of the same place that the boy's penis goes in. Is that true?'
'Yes it is. But why are you so worried?'
'It's just that Freddie and I went out a few months ago and . . . Well, I'm just worried in case his baby knocks out some of my teeth when he's born.'

Paddy was trapped in a bog and seemed a goner when Big Joe Reilly walked by.
'Help,' shouted Paddy, 'Oi'm sinking.'
'Oi'm the strongest man in all of Ireland,' reassured Big Joe. 'Oi'll pull you out.' Big Joe leaned over and grabbed Paddy by the arms and pulled and pulled but to no avail. He tried a second and third time, but still with no results.
'Oi'm the strongest man in all of Ireland,' said Big Joe Reilly, 'and Oi can't lift you out. Oi'll go and see if Oi can get some help.'
'Wait, wait, don't leave me,' shouted Paddy, 'will it help if Oi take my feet out of the stirrups?'

An Englishman was making his way to the aircraft for his return flight home after a short holiday in Paris when he spotted what was obviously a blind man approaching the same plane. The traveller offered his assistance.
'Thank you,' came the reply, 'but I know my way around this aircraft. I'm the pilot.'
Astounded, the holiday-maker asked him how on earth he managed to fly.
'Oh, that's easy,' replied the blind man, 'all the instruments are in Braille.'
'Yes, but what about taking-off?' enquired the man.
'That's simple,' replied the pilot, 'the control tower guides me to the end of the runway, then when we're ready to take-off I rev the engines up as much as I can and proceed down the runway. Then when I hear the passengers shout "Jesus Christ" I take off.'

Three vicars, on a tour of the United States, arrived at Washington's Dulles Airport to fly to Pittsburgh. One of them offered to book the tickets and get some change so they could phone ahead to arrange for someone to meet them. The volunteer found the booking desk manned by a very busty blonde, wearing a nearly-transparent blouse. Slightly taken aback by this vision of loveliness he blurted out: 'Three pickets to Tittsburgh please,' and realising his mistake, blushed and returned to his friends dazed and confused. The second vicar said he would book the tickets. Approaching the girl, with great care he said: 'Three tickets to Pittsburgh and can I have the change in nipples and dimes?' Wishing that the ground would open and swallow him he, too, returned to the others.
'Leave it to me,' said the third vicar, who strode up to the desk. 'Three tickets to Pittsburgh, please, and can I have the change in nickels and dimes?' The girl gave him the tickets and change and as he turned away in triumph, he added: 'You know young lady, your dress is disgraceful. When you get to Heaven St Finger will wag his peter at you . . .'

'Mum, guess what I saw Daddy and the au pair doing on the bed,' said the little boy excitedly.
'Hush,' said the mother, 'hmmm . . . wait, tell me when I next ask you.'
Later that day at the supper table with all the family around, the mother asked the boy to tell her what he was going to tell her earlier that day.
'Well mum,' said the boy, 'it's nothing really; just that I saw Dad and the au pair on the bed together doing exactly what you were doing with Uncle Fred last summer when Dad went fishing.'

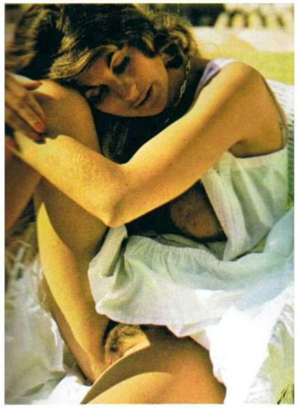
Oh, what shall we do about Jill?
The worry is making me ill.
Her sexual habits
Resemble a rabbit's
– Thank God they invented the pill.

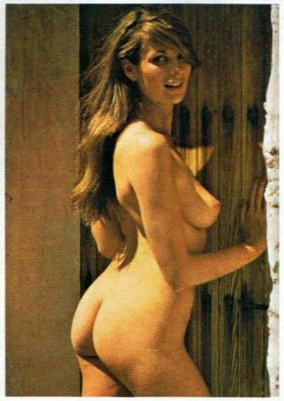
*Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes' Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2. There is a free subscription for the reader whose letter is selected. In case of duplication of jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on awarding a subscription is final.*

# ANNABELLE

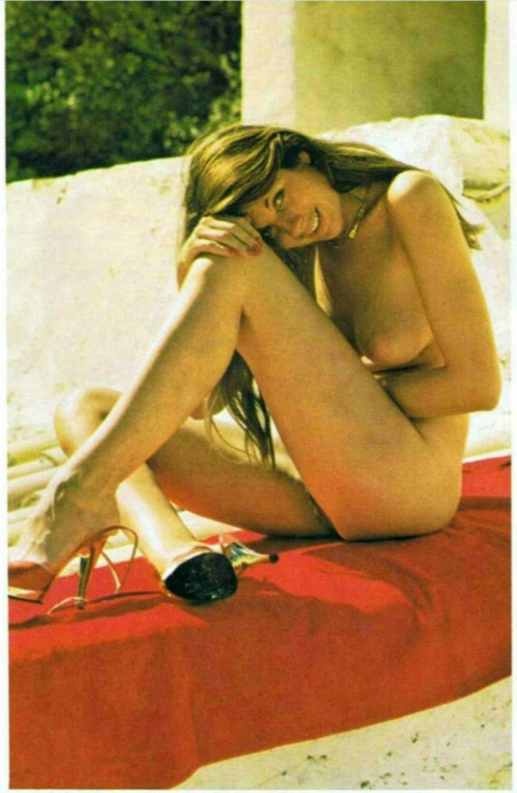
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

Over the years, our photo-sets have featured girls from all professions and walks of life. Secretaries, university graduates, shopgirls and film and tele-birds have all appeared in our pages, but never until now have we had a geneticist – for that's 24-year-old Annabelle Gage's profession.





When she was 21, Annabelle obtained a degree in biology at a northern redbrick university and then spent a further two years working in the field of genetic research in order to better her degree. Now 24, Annabelle's taking a well-earned break from matters academical before deciding whether to return to more research work or perhaps do some teaching. 'This modelling work is my version of sowing some wild oats,' smiles Annabelle. 'It seemed like a fun thing to try having been closeted away in a laboratory for something like six years. I'm not sure it's something I'd want to do on a regular basis, but it's been an experience!'



Away from a starched white laboratory coat, Annabelle's 36–22–35 can generally be found encased in jeans of the blue denim variety. 'I hope nobody would accuse me of being a frumpy academic,' she smiles, 'and I'm no mad scientist either, despite all these great rumours that are going on at the moment about cloning. Cloning *is* theoretically possible in humans, but the ethical and moral questions it raises are enormous. I believe I'm right in saying that the only cloning work that at present has been carried out has been to do with frogs. What is cloning? At its most simple, the reproduction of an exact living replica of the donor "built up" from a single tissue cell taken from the donor.' Annabelle smiles. 'Very Frankensteinish, but it's something with which we may well have to come to terms before too long.' We'd much rather come to terms with Annabelle.

# QUEST

## The laboratory of human response
## Volume Ten

Even today, when one in four marriages is destined to failure and in eighty per cent of cases it is the woman who leaves the man, divorce can be a highly traumatic event for a woman. Nowhere is this more obvious than when she tries to resume a normal sex life as a single person. This month Quest examines the effects of separation and divorce on female sexuality. One clear lesson seems to be that the woman who finds herself alone can be as sexually vulnerable and uncertain as she was before she lost her virginity. While not preventing an active sex life, it creates emotional problems the male would do well to understand.

### INTRODUCTION

This month Quest examines the effects of separation and divorce on the sex lives of women. In the majority of cases it appeared that the event was as traumatic and involved as great a change in attitude as an initial sex act. The loss of a regular partner – however unsatisfactory – prompted a profound reassessment of individual sexuality and invariably led to a change of sexual habits.

### INTERVIEWS

(*In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.*)

*One* **Garment Worker, 24 years old, dark haired, town of origin Liverpool**

*After leaving school at the age of 16, this interviewee had moved to London with her sister with whom she shared a flat. Her marriage, at the age of 20, had ended in divorce two years later. She was now living with a boyfriend.*

*Quest:* What would you say was the worst part of being separated?

*Worker:* The sex, no doubt of it.

*Quest:* You mean doing without?

*Worker:* Oh no, I'd got over that months before. I think Tony – my husband – and I did it about three times in the last year we were together. Shows how close we were. No, it wasn't *not* getting sex, it was trying to avoid it altogether. It was bad enough at work when I was married – the blokes I work with seem to think a newly married girl is getting so much bed she needs extra; and when they found out I was separated it was impossible because obviously I must be screaming for it then. I just wanted to be left alone.

*Quest:* Could you have just said no?

*Worker:* Oh come on; I didn't want to be a hermit. I'd spent two years sitting at home in front of the telly waiting for Tony to turn up. I wanted to get out and meet people, be myself again. It's extraordinary; in two years you forget how to talk to other men. I felt about sixteen all over again. I wanted to go slowly; Maurice, the man I'm with now, was the only one who let me. All the others were like Tony, all mouth and trousers. Trying to sound flash and thinking you'll be grateful if they lash out ten quid on a night out. And as soon as you do have a quick tumble they're away after the next bird.

*Quest:* Tony was like that?

*Worker:* Oh I didn't think so at first; he was five years older than me, very smooth – a cabbie, can you imagine? A bit wild with his mates, but who isn't? Determined to settle down and make a go of things. I'd only been out with kids my own age before; he really seemed like something special. And he was good in bed – at least the best I'd ever had. For two months after the wedding we did nothing but screw; it was incredible. But then after two months it just fizzled out – I spent months worrying what I'd done and only then I found out

# QUEST

## why you can't do without it

**Quest represents an invaluable insight into female sexuality. Past surveys have covered a wide variety of subjects under this heading, a choice of which is still available in back numbers.**

Vol. 8 Nos. 10 Girls in motor cars 58p; 11 Sky sex 58p; Vol. 9 Nos. 1 Sex substitutes 58p; 2 Voyeuristic girls 58p: 3 Female fantasies 58p; 4 Best friends' wives 58p; 5 Aunts and nephews 67p; 6 Uncles and nieces 67p; 7 Stepfathers and daughters 67p; 8 Long promised affairs 67p; 9 New sex styles 77p; 10 One night stands 77p; 11 Girls and mystery men 77p; 12 The lure of notoriety 77p; Vol. 10 Nos. 2 The appeal of knickers 77p; 3 Sexy phone calls 77p; 4 Bold talk 77p; 5 Same room sex 77p; 6 Fashion flirts 77p; 7 Virgins '75 77p; 8 Jealous sex 77p; 9 Women who take the lead 77p; 10 Girls who like to be watched 77p; 11 Exhibitionist girls 77p; 12 Women and male strippers 77p; Vol. 11 Nos. 1 Women and the family friend 77p; 2 Girls who show their bodies 77p; 3 Feminine sexual fantasies, part one, 77p; 4 Feminine sexual fantasies, part two, 77p; 5 Girls who do what you've always dreamed about 77p; 6 Men and their measurements 77p; 7 The Seducing Camera 77p; 8 What women do for the camera 77p; 9 Photographers and models 77p; 10 Sports sex 77p; 11 Sports sex part 2, 77p; 12 Sexy side of indoor games £1.15; Vol. 12 Nos. 2 Initiation ceremonies part 2, 87p; 3 Ritual sex revealed 87p; 4 Excuse factors, 87p; 5 Excuses girls need to use sex aids, 87p; 6 The erotic appeal of underwear, 87p; 7 Sex and girls who dress young 87p; 8 Appeal of nurses uniforms, 87p; 9 The sexy quality of serge, 87p; 10 Surreptitious sex, 87p; 11 Sneaky sex, 87p; 12 Sexual guile, £1.20; Vol. 13 No. 1 A man's most vital statistic, 87p; 2 The measure of a man, 87p; 3 Premature ejaculation, 87p; 4 Premature ejaculation, part 2, 87p; 5 Mystique of the beautiful woman, 87p; 6 Obligatory sex, 87p; 7 When a man feels obliged to have sex, 87p; 8 Snob sex, part 1, 87p; 9 Snob sex, part 2, 87p.

*Further back numbers, page* 42

Please send me the following back numbers of *Mayfair:*

..............................................................

..............................................................

I enclose cheque/postal order for:

..............................................................

..............................................................

Name ..............................................................

Address..............................................................

..............................................................

..............................................................

..............................................................Date

If you do not wish to cut your magazine, please send order on plain paper.

M1310

he'd been knocking off some wages girl at his head office.

*Quest:* How did the separation take place?

*Worker:* I'd shared a flat with my sister before Tony and I got the garden flat, and her new flat mate was moving out, so I went straight round to Barb's. That was lucky, I suppose. Barb and I have always been good mates – she's a year older than me, so I wasn't on my own.

*Quest:* Did your sister help you to resume a proper social life?

*Worker:* Well, you could say that. You see, Barb's always been the wild one in the family. I think we're both not bad lookers, but she's taller than me and she's really got a tremendous figure – where I need a bra on my little boobs, Barb's half my size again and she really doesn't need one. God, I envied her when I was younger. But you can't get annoyed with her; she's such a laugh, she'd do anything for a joke. That's the trouble.

*Quest:* In what way?

*Worker:* Oh I think I had a kind of moderating influence when we first came to London. I mean, the blokes are always round Barb and she loves it; but the men she went out with were dreadful. She really does take risks. I knew she'd been having a pretty wild time while I'd been with Tony, but she surprised even me.

*Quest:* How did she do that?

*Worker:* I'd been staying with her for a fortnight and hardly going out – I didn't want to – I felt numbed. And it came round to Saturday night and Barb was going to a party; she wasn't going with anyone and she insisted that I came along, to get out of myself, which I did need. I still wasn't too happy but it did make me feel better to make myself presentable. Anyway we ended up in some flat near the river – a tiny little place, absolutely packed; and met these two blokes. Around thirtyish; too flash for my taste and pretty obviously married. Sexually they meant nothing to me, but they were funny. And they drove us home. Barb was in the back seat and practically raping one of the guys. I was in the front with the quieter one, wondering how to get rid of him. So they came inside, supposedly for coffee, though Barb immediately found some old wine. The music was on, and Barb was obviously getting very amorous with her guy – I didn't mind enormously; we had separate bedrooms. But my fellow was getting a bit of a pain. By now everyone was plastered, and I started to feel whoozy; so I went off to the bathroom. I don't know how long I was in there. It didn't seem long, but when I came back I couldn't believe it.

*Quest:* What did you see?

*Worker:* The lounge looked empty: the music had stopped and only a tiny sidelight was on. For a moment I thought everyone had gone. Then I came round the end of the sofa and there was this loud groan, and I saw them. Barb right down in the sofa with her skirt round her waist, naked from the waist up with her bra round her neck; her hair all over the place, moaning, with her legs wrapped round her guy. He hadn't even taken his shirt off, and his pants and his trousers were still round his knees. But he was humping away like billy-ho. So I gasped out loud, and immediately he lifts his head all red-faced and grinning, and says, 'Hello sis.' And then he pulled out of Barb – I could hear it and she gasped – and he jerked round, holding up his erection and said, 'Fancy a bit do you love? We'll swap over in a minute.' Then Barb moaned again and twisted forward, grabbed his prick and stuck it in her mouth. The bloke grinned and said, 'Christ, she's a little goer, isn't she?' I couldn't believe it. I ran into my bedroom and there was the other fellow, stepping out of his trousers. He'd even pulled back the sheets of my bed. I screamed, 'What the bloody hell are you doing?' He just laughed. He said, 'Come on, love, I hear you haven't been having much lately.' That was it. I went berserk. I chucked him out; I got into a screaming row with Barb, and her bloke pushed off. We didn't speak to each other for a week. I nearly moved out. God it was awful. I never wanted to speak to another man again.

*Quest:* But you did?

*Worker:* Yes, Maurice.

*Quest:* What attracted you to him?

*Worker:* It sounds terrible, but it was because he didn't bother me.

*Quest:* You weren't physically attracted?

*Worker:* I was attracted, but not in the gut way I felt with Tony – that feeling is so false. Maurice was cuddly, reassuring. He came to work for us as a cutter – he was in his mid-thirties, though he looks younger. And we always had a laugh together and I suppose I joked about what happened to me. Then he had some tickets for some show and we went out. But not as a boy-girl thing; we were just friends. And I found out he was divorced too – his wife had their kid – I'd never known before. And we spent the night at my place.

*Quest:* You had sex?

*Worker:* No, that was the ridiculous thing. We were just talking and he missed his train – I know it sounds a line – but I offered to let him stay and it seemed stupid to stay on the sofa. So he shared the bed, and we slept together. That was all.

*Quest:* Didn't you think it odd he didn't make a pass?

*Worker:* Oh he wasn't unmoved; when you cuddle up to someone you can't exactly avoid a full-sized erection, even through Y-fronts. But I really needed someone to just hold me and cuddle me in the way Tony hadn't done; I was just grateful for that. And in the end it was me who started it.

*Quest:* You made a pass at him?

*Worker:* One morning; I felt so warm and nice. Sometimes we had a quick cuddle before we got up, and I suppose I'd pull away, but this time I didn't; I did pull away but it was only to slip my pyjama top over my head. Maurice was gorgeous; he lifted back the sheet to look at me and he was like a kid with a new toy. He said, 'You've got the most unbelievable breasts I've ever seen.' He wouldn't leave them alone; he was caressing and kissing and sucking

this. Make it last for me darling. God that's so fabulous.' She completely took over. She had this great screaming climax.
*Quest:* Did the relationship progress?
*Teacher:* While her kids were away, yes, but then, as you can imagine, it got a bit tricky. And I had my own girlfriend of course. We continued seeing each other for about nine months, but then she met another man.
*Quest:* Were you upset by this?
*Teacher:* I must admit to initial jealousy, but I knew that there was no real long-term future for us. I met her new boyfriend and he seemed OK, so I was pleased for her.
*Quest:* Many thanks.

---

***Three* Shop assistant, 34 years old, brunette, town of origin, Mitcham**

*This interviewee was married at eighteen and has two children, she separated from her husband some eight months ago.*

*Quest:* What did you miss most, when your marriage broke down?
*Assistant:* Obvious, isn't it? Need you ask? Apart from the out and out companionship, having another adult around most of the time to talk to, it has to be the sex. I don't mind admitting it. A lot of women wouldn't admit it if they were in my situation, but I feel they would be lying to themselves.
*Quest:* Why?
*Assistant:* Oh, I don't know . . . I suppose it's that I've been married sixteen years – sixteen years, think of it. I'd always been faithful to my husband . . . and come to rely on him to satisfy my sexual needs.
*Quest:* Which are strong?
*Assistant:* That's the difficult part to comprehend for me. When we first married we used to make love constantly. Obviously over the years it became a less regular occurrence, but I suppose we still made love twice, three times a week.
*Quest:* And what don't you understand?
*Assistant:* Just that. Philip used to want to make love even more, and I believed that I had had a low sex threshold . . .
*Quest:* What does that mean?
*Assistant:* Just that. It means that I was always under the belief that a woman didn't need sex like a man does. With men it's more animal, instinct if you like. They have an urge and need to have it filled. I thought that the same didn't apply for women. I used to make excuses quite often and put him off when he wanted to take me . . . I used to believe him to be sex-mad.
*Quest:* And now you've changed your mind?
*Assistant:* As far as my attitudes to sex are, yes, a little. But as for the breakdown in our marriage, no, I still believe it was the only possibility. Other factors had come into play then. Philip became more and more engrossed in his work; he began staying out later and later and some nights wouldn't even come home. I used to get frantic with worry. Anyway, that's another story, I don't want to bore you with it.
*Quest:* I'm interested in your attitude, its change. Was the sex with your husband satisfactory?
*Assistant:* Up until the time that I decided to do something about it – about four months ago – I had nothing to gauge him on. But now . . . It's hard talking about the man you love . . . loved, like that. About how good he was in bed. I had no cause for complaint.
*Quest: Had* seems the operative word. Lovers you have taken since have been more sexually satisfying?
*Assistant:* I was trying *not* to say it. Well, not so bluntly anyway. But in a nutshell, that's it.
*Quest:* And why did you decide to take other men to your bed?
*Assistant:* That's what I've been explaining – or thought I had. It was the terrible emptiness I felt in my life. Philip's friends tended to shun me – it wasn't my fault, the breakdown. No one's really. But I did feel empty.
*Quest:* Lonely?
*Assistant:* Yes. My daughters – Tracy's seven and Judy's four – take a lot of looking after, so I'm busy at home morning and night. My job is part-time so I spend all the time I can with the kids. But it's at night that the loneliness really sets in. At night in bed, when you have to get into cold sheets after having a man around for sixteen years to warm them for you. I really began to ache down there. I had a desperate need to feel a man inside me once more. Is that so unusual?
*Quest:* How did you manage to shake yourself out of this depression?
*Assistant:* I took the bull by the horns so to speak and advertised.
*Quest:* In a sex contact magazine?
*Assistant:* Good gracious no. I wasn't a nympho or a pro. I wanted a genuine liaison with a man – I know it sounds corny but I didn't want to be used, even though I suppose I was using the man, if you get my meaning. I wasn't going to hop into bed with the first man to take me out.
*Quest:* Did you have a good response?
*Assistant:* What?
*Quest:* To your ad.
*Assistant:* Sorry. I had about sixty replies. A lot were from guys out to get a quick screw and that's all. There were a couple who wrote amusing letters. They're the ones I replied to and that's how I met Neil and Tim.
*Quest:* Together?
*Assistant:* Good heavens no. I'm not into kinky sex. Neil came first – literally. But I was really misguided by him.
*Quest:* What do you mean?
*Assistant:* I couldn't see it until afterwards, but he was only out for a fuck – pardon my French – and I was too stupid to realise. He wrote this really funny letter in reply to my ad and I phoned him and made arrangements to meet. I'd made arrangements with my mother to take the kids for the weekend, and she'd come and collected them in the morning and dropped them off at school. She lives quite handy for that.
*Quest:* And how did the evening go?
*Assistant:* Very nice. We went to a little restaurant in the King's Road and then I asked him to drive me home.
*Quest:* Was sex on the menu for later?
*Assistant:* He was quite good looking, drove a nice sporty-type car, and was obviously a ladies man. My real concern was that he may not really be interested in me.
*Quest:* You are very pretty. Why did you say that?
*Assistant:* I had no justification in feeling that way really, but it's just like starting out all over again, as if it was my first date. I wanted something to happen and would have been let down so badly if it hadn't. So I had to take steps to lead the way.
*Quest:* Such as?
*Assistant:* When we were driving home I put my hand on his leg and squeezed him. And I invited him in for coffee.
*Quest:* He accepted?
*Assistant:* Yes. I was in the kitchen making it when he came up behind me and hugged me so really tight and ran his hands over my breasts. I was so heady; all I could hear was the blood running through my own veins and I knew I just had to have him so I turned round and put my arms round him and we kissed. That just made it worse and I was longing for it. I disentangled myself, switched off the kettle and led him to the bedroom, where we fell on the bed kissing and fondling. And when I felt his hot breath on my nipples I nearly passed out. I was moaning something rotten and he was licking at my nipples, nipping them with his teeth and massaging my breasts with his hands at the same time. Next thing I knew his hand was inching its way down to my knickers, and then he broke off and eased my tights and knicks down to my ankles and pulled them off. It was complete abandon and then he went down and started licking at me there. Philip had never done that and I just passed out for a second or two. I woke again and the sensations were building. I remember asking him to stop it and to just come inside me, but he was starting to breathe very heavily himself and the sensations I was experiencing were mind-boggling. I just had orgasm after orgasm. When he eventually stopped and came into me, it was the most beautiful thing that had happened to me for ages.
*Quest:* How often did you make love?
*Assistant:* I saw him on about half a dozen other occasions, each time ended in us making love. But each time it got a little less satisfying, and he eventually ditched me, so I wrote off to Tim – I had kept all the letters.
*Quest:* Are you having sex with him?
*Assistant:* What do you think? Of course we do. But Tim is different. We really do seem to hit it off together. We've been seeing each other for about two months now and I've asked him if he wants to move in with me as he's in rented accommodation at present. It really would be great having a man around again: and not just for the sex. For the companionship and everything that goes with it. I don't know yet whether that's what he's looking for, whether he wants a permanent relationship with a ready-made family. In fact I'm not sure, quite, if it's what I want either.
*Quest:* Thank you very much.

them; I nearly had my climax right there. It felt so fantastic, especially after Barb was always flashing her marvellous pair. I wanted him so much. I really wanted to give myself; it wasn't like with Tony, when we'd been like tigers, just grabbing at each other, really being selfish. It was loving and gentle, though it quickly warmed up. Even then he was considerate; he was on top of me and I could feel the weight of his prick nudging me and it was all I could do to stop grabbing him, and he said, 'Is it all right? Do I need to put anything on?' Of course I was still on the pill, but then I did grab him and we started. God, we humped so beautifully.

*Quest:* So now you're happy again?

*Worker:* I'm happy for the first time. It's great. You need to be so strong when a marriage falls apart like that.

*Quest:* Will you marry?

*Worker:* Both of us are a bit chary about it. I'd like kids eventually; perhaps then.

*Quest:* Thank you.

---

*Two* **Teacher, 28 years of age, single, town of origin Bolton**

*This – male – interviewee left home after attending teacher training college to take up a posting in a large urban comprehensive. He shares a small house with two colleagues.*

*Quest:* From what you've been telling me, I gather the events you're about to describe took place a couple of years back.

*Teacher:* Slightly more in fact. I was only just 26 at the time. Phyllis was nearly 40.

*Quest:* A classic case of older woman/younger man?

*Teacher:* I don't think so in fact. I don't think it would have made much difference to her had I been 26, 36, 46 or 56.

*Quest:* Why not?

*Teacher:* Because she seemed so desperate for sex and I was, or she told me I was, the first reasonably presentable man she'd met in the year following her divorce.

*Quest:* How did you first meet?

*Teacher:* She came to a PTA meeting at school. I taught her son at the time. He was 14. I can remember noticing that she was a very striking woman. I mean she *looks* her age, but she's one of those women that seem to look better the older they get. She's quite tall, blonde and with a really superb figure. Not that she dressed to flaunt it or anything, but you didn't need X-ray eyes to realise that her boobs were on the large side. I'd wanted to make a point of talking to her because her son, John, was quite a bright kid who was just about to go into his O-level year. I wanted to talk to her about that. All the parents and teachers had these little badges on their clothes with their names written on them, so when I realised that this woman was John's mother I introduced myself to her.

*Quest:* What was your first impression?

*Teacher:* She was quietly spoken and seemed a bit shy. We talked for ten minutes or so about her son's progress and then I said something to the effect of being sorry not to have had the opportunity of meeting her husband. That's when it came out that she was divorced. I muttered the usual polite social nothings that one tends to do on these occasions, but I was thinking that hubby must have had a pretty good reason for leaving her.

*Quest:* What made you think *he* left *her?*

*Teacher:* Heaven knows. Natural reaction or something. As it happens I was wrong; she'd left him. From what I gathered later he was a bit of a sod. Not unfaithful, or anything, but he used to give her a bad time. She was never too specific, but from what I understood he was in the habit of knocking her about a bit.

*Quest:* Were you attracted to her?

*Teacher:* Sort of. She's a very attractive woman.

*Quest:* Could you tell whether she was attracted to you?

*Teacher:* If she was, she didn't give any outward sign. After that bit about the divorce had come up, we chatted about this and that for a few more moments and then I had to circulate. She told me though that she had two other children – both daughters – one older than John and one younger.

*Quest:* Did you talk to her again during the evening?

*Teacher:* Yes, but only briefly.

*Quest:* Too briefly for any advance?

*Teacher:* This was a PTA meeting, not an orgy! I couldn't have chatted her up in a million years.

*Quest:* Yet you had a mind to?

*Teacher:* In a vague sort of way, yes.

*Quest:* So how did you go about it?

*Teacher:* I didn't make any kind of conscious effort to manufacture another meeting. I just thought to myself that if we were to meet again in different circumstances I'd try my luck.

*Quest:* I presume this opportunity must have eventually arisen. What happened?

*Teacher:* It was the end of the summer term. End of the school year and all that. It's traditional at our place that on the last day the teachers put on some sort of entertainment for the kids with a party afterwards. Not some great rave-up you understand; it's all over by the early evening. Anyway it's all quite fun. The kids get stuck into their Coke and buns, and we generally have a bottle or two of the hard stuff hidden away for our use. I left at about six-thirty feeling quite happy with life and looking forward to the summer break. I had this girlfriend and we were planning to go on a camping holiday on the Continent, so everything seemed pretty jolly. I was driving along when I saw this boy John waiting for a bus. Normally I'd have just maybe given him a toot on the horn and gone on, but because I was feeling feelings of cheer and goodwill I pulled up and offered him a lift. Not, to answer your next question, because I fancied seeing his mother again – I'd have stopped for any other member of my class at that particular moment. He lived a bit out of my way, to tell you the truth, but I wasn't too fussed. When we pulled up, he asked if I'd like a cup of tea or something, and *then* I remembered about his mum and followed him in. As you can imagine, Phyllis was surprised to see me, but John explained that I'd run him home, so she thanked me and took me into the kitchen while she put on some tea. John disappeared somewhere, but although I could hear her two girls playing somewhere upstairs, we were alone. We chatted about John's work and I asked what her plans were for the holidays, meaning was she taking the kids anywhere. She told me that they always spent the first two weeks of the school holidays with their father and confided, in a rather embarrassed way, that she didn't much relish the prospect of being alone. I said something like perhaps I could buy her a drink sometime and she replied that she hoped I wasn't making the offer because I felt sorry for her. I told her I enjoyed her company and she smiled and said she'd love to.

*Quest:* When did you see her then?

*Teacher:* We made a date for a couple of days later when the kids had gone. I picked her up and we drove to this pub in the country. It was a great evening. She became quite free with information about herself – like the part-time job she had. I asked her what her social life was like; I was genuinely curious. She told me that with three kids to look after, it was pretty non-existent. She laughed and said, 'Anyway, who'd look at someone my age?' I replied that I would for a start. I told her I thought she was a very attractive woman. She gave me this funny little look and half-smiled. I think that was the moment I knew we'd go to bed. You can tell, can't you?

*Quest:* Did you sleep with her that night?

*Teacher:* Yes. We were both quite thoughtful as I drove her back, but when we arrived, she asked me in. She got us more drinks and sat beside me on this settee in her front room. She asked me if I'd meant it when I'd said I found her attractive and the only way I felt I could show I had meant it was to kiss her.

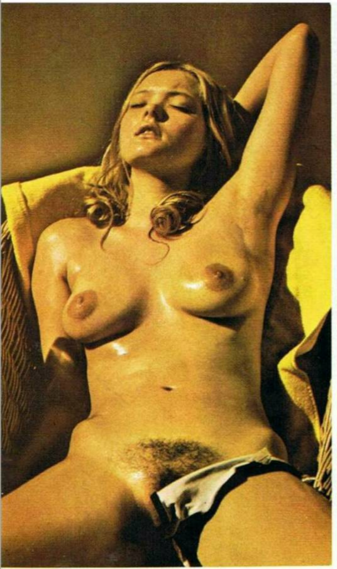
*Quest:* She responded?

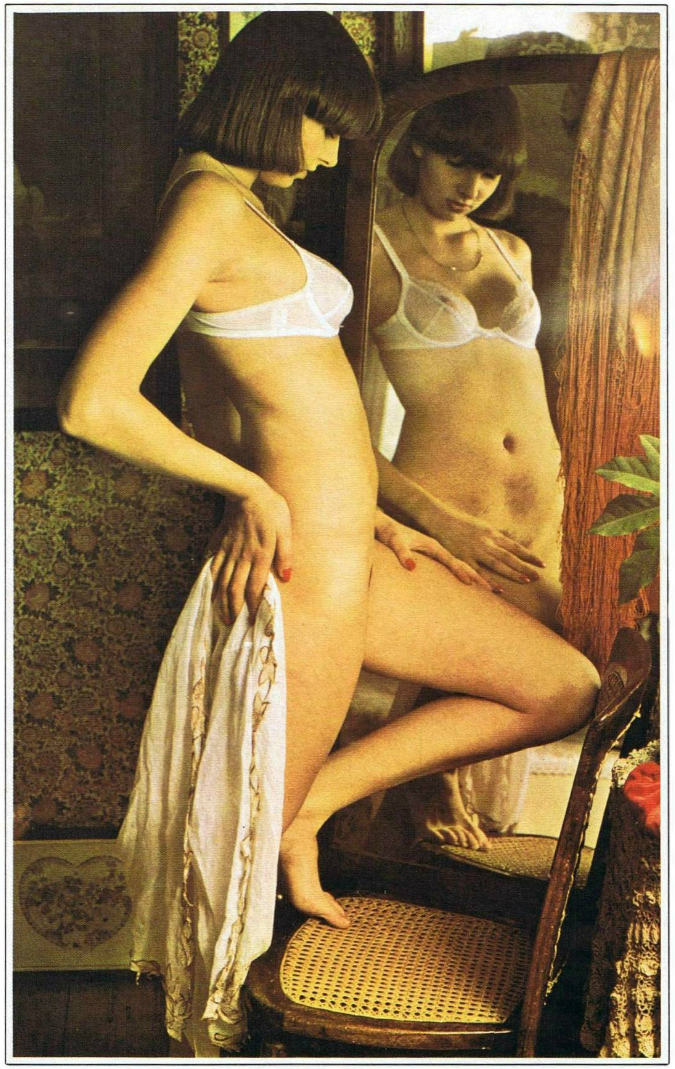
*Teacher:* It was like uncorking a bottle of champagne. It was a sort of sexual explosion. We kissed long and hard and then she pulled away and said, 'I haven't, you know, for quite a long time. I want to do it now. You *do* want to do it too, don't you?' I pulled her back on to me. I had my hand up her skirt and was thrilled beyond belief that she was wearing stockings. She was like a living erotic fantasy. We never got as far as the bedroom. We did it on the floor. I remember seeing her boobs for the first time. I could tell she was a bit self-conscious about their size, keeping her arms folded over them once I'd got her blouse and bra off. They were magnificent. There's no other description. Very full and heavy with quite small nipples. I started nibbling them and she gave this shudder and started fumbling away at my pants. My jacket and shirt were off and she was basically nude from the waist up, but still with her skirt and pants on. She managed to get me out and gave this little sigh before making her mouth into an O and rubbing it over my knob. I got her skirt and pants down in one to leave her with just her stockings. She had this big thick bush. I positioned myself on top of her and thrust myself into her. She was moaning, 'God, I've wanted

# OLIVE

Ever hear about the one that got away? It was long, cold and scaly and nowhere near as nice as the one who caught it, namely 23-year-old Olive Prescott. In the parlance of the piscatorial scene, Olive is a coarse fisherman. (Fisher-woman? Fisherperson? Angleress?) That's not to say, of course, that she resorts to choice anglo-saxon epithets when things go wrong, but rather that she fishes for, ah, coarse fish.

What are coarse fish? Those that are caught with hook, line and worm as opposed to, say, salmon, which are caught with flies. No, not *those* flies and not real ones either. They're fake flies. Actually, it's about as clear as mud to those of us who like our fish in fingers, though the thought of lying on some grassy river bank next to Olive's 36–24–35 as she slings her hook is distinctly appealing. 'You're making fun,' she grins. 'I'll soon put you in your plaice.' Sorry, Olive, you'll have to speak up, we're a bit hard of herring. She ignores the pun. 'Angling,' she announces, 'is one of the most popular participation sports around.' Which is hardly surprising if Olive's part of the fishy fraternity. They must have a whale of a time.





# CILLA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JIM BUNKER

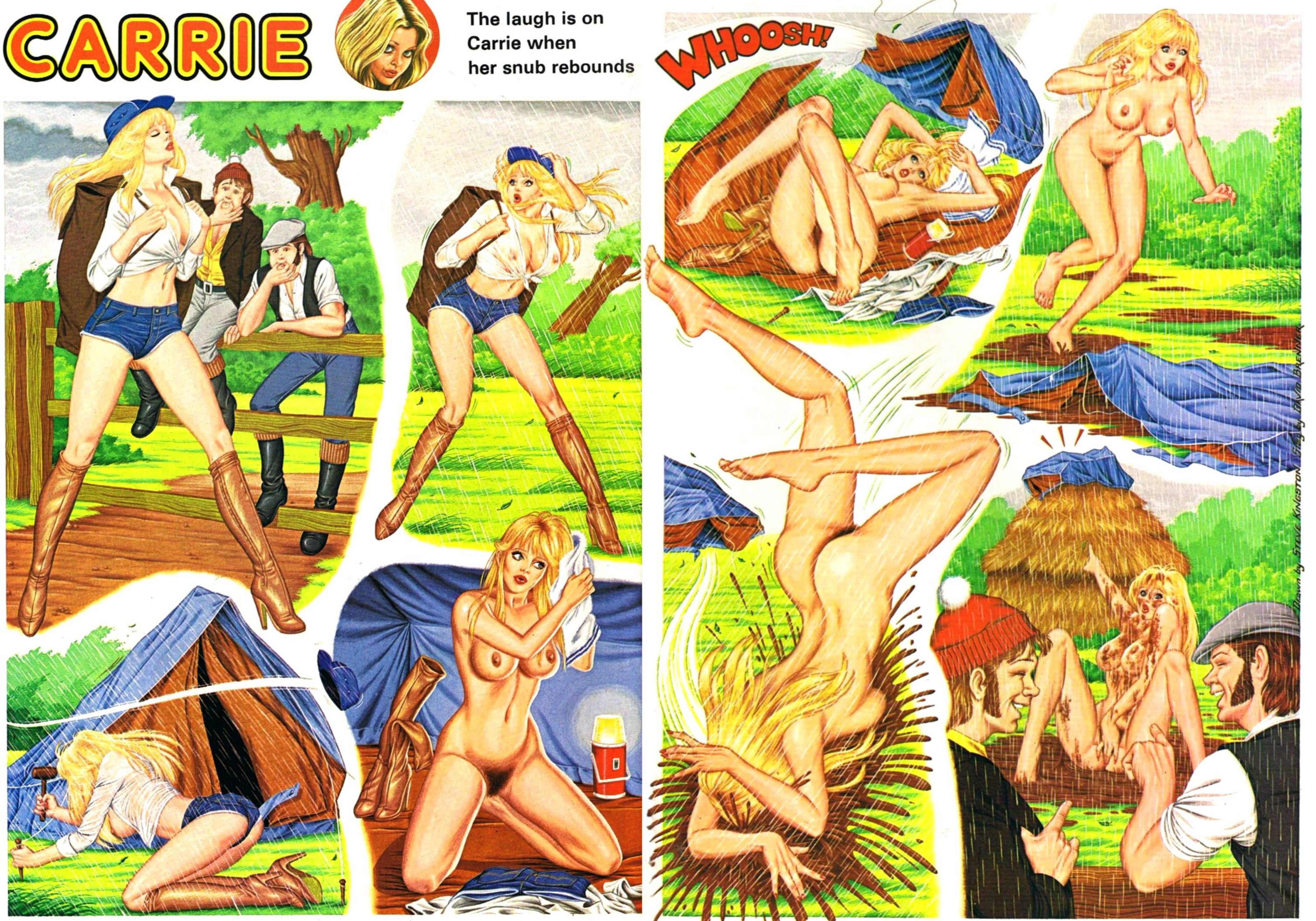
When a planeload of French rugby supporters on a flight home to Limoges began to sing naughty songs – even if they were mostly in French – and then began to remove their trousers, it was an awkward moment for 21-year-old Dan-Air stewardess Cilla Childs. 'All we could do was fill them full of black coffee,' she remembers, 'and try to ignore the bottom pinching. But none of us dared go down the end of the plane where the debagged passengers were!'

But trials of that kind proved rare during Cilla's sixteen months with the Comets and BAC 1–11's of the British-based airline. 'Mostly it was short haul work,' she says. 'I think the farthest we went was to Teneriffe and usually we'd be back the same day. It was hard work and not very glamorous.' Born on June 7, 1956, 35–25–36 inch Cilla attended a boarding school at Cobham Hall before moving on to work in a china shop at Westerham in Kent. After a lengthy visit to her sister in the United States, she went to Dan-Air. 'My ambition,' she says, 'is to move on to the long haul routes. My ideal would be a long stop-over in the Seychelles.'

Not only are the destinations more exotic, but the flights too can be a lot more interesting. 'I know stewardesses who've done the long routes and they say how much friendlier the passengers are when they know they're going to spend the next two or three days in the same plane. And romance can flourish too. Apparently total strangers find that they can become very friendly, though I've never heard of anyone going too far. I've no idea what I'd do if I came across a situation like that.' Back on the ground, Cilla's own romantic preferences are well-defined. 'A boyfriend has to be good-looking, capable, taller than me – I'm 5 feet 9 – and have a juvenile sense of humour, like mine. But really the only things that count are that he should look after me, and he must be able to mend my car. It's always going wrong!'

# CARRIE

**The laugh is on Carrie when her snub rebounds**



Drawn by STEVE KINGSTON Story by DAVID BRENNER